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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE FRONT PAGE

What Grey North Says

THE result of the Grey North bye-election proved to be a surprise to many. Only a few days before the election there was a definite feeling, extending into Conservative circles, that the Case campaign had fallen off badly. The entry of Mr. Bracken into the campaign, however, and the excellent timing of his appearance, which gave him the final word and left no time for adequate rebuttal, was admirable strategy.

The Progressive Conservatives, rightfully, take cheer from the election. What was proven, above all, was that in Ontario, at least, they have an excellent organization, and that the Liberal machine is weak. This has long been evident. It was very apparent in the last Provincial election, but there was reasonable expectation that federally the Liberal party would be stronger. In Grey North, however, the party's strategy and planning compared very unfavorably with the Conservatives.

In judging the influence of the bye-election it should be borne in mind that it presented an entirely different tactical position than will be the case in any general contest. It was an election in which the opposition was on the aggressive. Mr. King, quite purposely we imagine, fought the election on his war record and has now been given ground for the claim that he is forced to go to the country. In a general election he will thus be on the aggressive and will have a program of advanced legislation for which he will be asking support. Family allowances, rehabilitation plans, Dominion-Provincial cooperation and representation at the Peace Conference will be the issues on which he will seek to fight. In Grey North, in a bye-election and with the Minister of Defence as a candidate these issues didn't, and couldn't, enter the campaign.

Colonel Ralston?

ONE point that Grey North has made clear is that Colonel Ralston will have an important say in the near future of the country. Granting that by the time the general election is fought the state of the war may have lessened the importance of conscription as an issue, nevertheless there is no doubt, and if there was any doubt it was certainly dissipated in the closing days of the bye-election campaign, that the Progressive Conservatives will make most vigorous efforts to keep it dominantly before the public eye. The effectiveness of these efforts will depend to a large extent on Colonel Ralston. Any support from the former Minister of Defence for Mr. King or the Liberal Party would have a tremendous influence.

Answer to P.A.C.

ONE very significant feature of the election was the failure of the P.A.C. to achieve its objective and gain the united support of labor in Grey North for the C.C.F. The results show the extent of this failure. In Owen Sound Air Vice-Marshal Godfrey received less than thirty per cent of the vote, in Meaford less than twenty per cent.

This, if anything is needed, seems to show clearly that P.A.C. will be an ineffective instrument in Canada so long as it continues to be, or is kept in line as, a direct wing of one party. As an independent force devoted only to the furthering of labor representation P.A.C. is a potentially strong force for the cause of labor. As a party wing it cannot be ever much more than a tool.

Already there is strong division within labor on this point. The Trades and Labor Congress, which represents the larger share of the organized workers, has had no part in the present P.A.C. and there is little prospect that its cooperation could be gained for the existing organization. It has gone on record against any party affiliation.

Incidentally, a most important election within labor will be that on February 13 when the United Steelworkers elect a Canadian Director for the coming two years. C. M. Millard, the present Director and as Chairman of the Political Action Committee the main linchpin between the C.C.F. and P.A.C., is opposed by the president of the Sydney local of the Union, George MacNeil. Mr. MacNeil's strength within the Union is not definitely known but it is conceded that he has a chance to defeat Mr. Millard.

"Winter white" is this season's smart dress for Allied soldiers on the fighting fronts in Europe. Dressed like this chap in white camouflage suits, they melt like ghosts into the background, and lives are saved

Big Problems for Big Three

AVERAGING out the rumors from Ankara, Berlin and Washington, it seems that as we write the three present arbiters of the world are meeting somewhere in the Black Sea area. The exact locale is being guessed variously as Bucharest, Constanza, the Crimea, or on board a British or American battleship. But the strong position of Russia in these conferences is shown in nothing so clearly as in Stalin's ability to make the others come to him, Churchill for the fourth time, Roosevelt for the second.

First and foremost a settlement must be agreed upon for Germany, whose final defeat is now within sight, and may be taken as a foregone conclusion, even if the date cannot be set within a matter of weeks or months. The fall of Berlin while the conference is deliberating would provide a dramatic impulse, and make immediate the question of what authority to set up, or recognize, in dealing with a German surrender.

Here the Soviets have been subtly grooming the League of German Generals and a "Free German Committee", while we have prepared no visible alternative. The big point here seems to be to act by joint agreement, rather than unilaterally. If the conference cannot establish that point, then no matter what other decisions it solemnly places on paper, it will have been a failure. If only Prussian generals are available, then they will probaby do to take our orders during the interim as well as some "Soldiers and Workers Committee" on the 1918 pattern—or say, Dr. Bruening, still standing by in the States, or the foxy Dr. Schacht, if the Nazis leave him alive.

There can be no settlement of the Polish question or of Poland's borders until the German question and the German borders are settled. And if so much is to be pared off Germany east and west—enough to create a dozen Polish Corridor irridente—there will be absolute need for a firm agreement on World Organization and the establishment of an International Security Force, the second most pressing problem of the conference.

We know the widespread backing among the British and American peoples for such organization; and there is, fortunately, strong evidence in a statement issued by the Soviet Embassy in Washington last week, in the sudden Soviet willingness to allow our U.N.R.R.A. representatives to go into Russian-occupied Poland, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, and the reported angling in Moscow for a large American import credit, of a Soviet decision to enter into international cooperation.

Still, in dealing with the many lesser problems presented by the individual liberated states of Central and Eastern Europe, and the very touchy area of the Middle East, we must expect to deal with a narrower Soviet view, based on an intense preoccupation with her security, and a determination to secure ocean ports, and here there will be hard bargaining to secure what we would consider reasonable assurance of free political life and national independence for the numerous countries concerned.

Similarly, in the much-discussed matter of Soviet participation in the final phase of the Pacific War, if they show any willingness to join in this at all, there will be hard bargaining over territories in which they are interested, such as Manchuria, Korea and Sakhalin Island, where again, they see their security, interests and prestige at stake.

Political Unity in U.S.A.

ON THE day when the Russians had reached and were breaching the German defence line of the Oder River, a political event occurred in Washington of potential importance. Sixteen newly elected or "freshman" Senators, (10 Democrats and 6 Republicans) met and unanimously agreed to support the earliest possible formation of a United Nations organization and American participation in all decisions affecting the establishment of law and order in liberated or enemy countries. Admittedly this was intended to strengthen the hand of President Roosevelt in the current "Big Three" conference;—an assurance that he could speak not merely for his own party

(Continued on Page Three)

NAME IN THE NEWS

Punch Dickins Blazed Air Trails And Landed Behind a Big Desk

By COROLYN COX

AS YOU soar through the skies up the Northwest Staging Route, just before you get to Whitehorse in the Yukon there is a point where the new bulldozer-fashioned Alaska Highway is joined by and absorbs the old trail made by the feet of the gold rush settlers who walked up through the White Pass, skirting the edge of Bennett Lake. But no "footprint" is left on the surface of Bennett Lake or any of the other myriad lakes that formed the trail of the early "puddle jumping" planes. They opened the vast unpopulated stretches of Canada for the traffic lanes now so clearly visible from the air, the miles of concrete and flat dirt runways.

In the beginning it was one man and one plane—a very personal piece of machinery you would not call a "contraption"—and an unlimited supply of individual "guts" and initiative. The territory covered was vast; the number of pioneering pilots small. They are lost now within the expanding, impersonalized reaches of *organizations*, civil or military.

"Punch" Dickins has managed to become both a legend of the days of pioneer flying and a topflight organization man of today. You can find him in a tidy office in Montreal, wearing an eminently respectable business suit, in an atmosphere of secretaries, office staff, desk phones and all the rest. If you know the story of Canadian air, it doesn't seem quite right. "Punch" is General Manager of Canadian Pacific Airlines, which is itself a knitting together of many bush lines of a few years ago. He has proven himself a first class executive, and probably the qualities that make him so also accounted for his astonishing success as a trail blazer par excellence in the Canadian north.

A Flying Pioneer

Things have moved so fast in our air development it is hard to believe it was just ten years ago that "Punch" Dickins made his most famous flight in the history of Canadian air development. Government was seriously moving ahead as best it could in depression times, and continually whipped on by the determination of J. A. Wilson, now Director of Air Service. Those were the days when General McNaughton in the Department of National Defence was putting the unemployed to work making runways, putting up buildings, gently developing airfields as a defence measure.

Trans Canada Airways Act wasn't yet in existence, but the construction of a transcontinental airway for Canada had been recognized as imperative. Dan McLean, currently Controller of Civil Aviation, was sent forth in the summer of 1935 to search out possible routes and landing strips through the Northwest for the eventually - to - be - constructed airline. "Punch" Dickins was chosen to fly him over the territory, to find out, among other things, where the Rocky Mountains end! Those meteorological stations, now so convenient, didn't exist to let you know what weather to expect along your course. If "Punch" needed repairs, he'd be doing them himself. His record on this trip was a feat of good planning, good management, fine flying.

"Punch" flew McLean down the Mackenzie to Aklavik, over to Dawson, then to Whitehorse, on to Juno and out to Prince Rupert. There they picked up the man who knew more about the country they were in than any other living person, Dr. Charles Camsell, Deputy Minister of Mines and Resources. They followed the Stuckene River to Dease Lake, then flew down the Liard River, to explore, among other things, the district publicized as "the tropical valley"—(there ain't no such beast on the Liard!)

Dr. Camsell's description before the Canadian Geographical Society of how "Punch" manoeuvred his plane in *and out* of the Liard canyons was something the audience has remembered ever since. They cruised up the Nehani and over Great Bear Lake and to Coppermine. Camsell was able to point out from the plane the spot where thirty years before he and Tyrell, trying to get to Coppermine on foot, short of grub, abandoned by the Eskimos, sat down behind a boulder to settle their fate, decided to turn back—and so lived to tell the tale.

The R.C.M.P. chiefs tell you the really important thing about their treks in the northern wilds is what doesn't happen. The story of calamity makes a headline; that the R.C.M.P. went methodically to the rescue, got there and back, is a quiet tale of efficiency. So of "Punch's" exceptionally fine flight.

He took these two valuable experts where they needed to go, made it possible to chart the string of airfields that have proven invaluable in his war as a supply route to the U.S.S.R., made a measurable contribution to the air development of Canada, and through bad weather and good, completed the job, brought plane and passengers back via Yellow Knife to Edmonton none the worse for wear.

Western Upbringing

"Punch" was born out in Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, forty-six years ago. Though his father was a bank manager, he wasn't given too-easy living in his youth. The family moved to Edmonton when he was nine, and he did his public and high school training there, followed by two years in arts and science at the University of Alberta. During the first world war, he bluffed his way into the Canadian infantry, was thrown out as under age.

He managed to get into the Royal Flying Corps and stay, was sent overseas to train, was billeted in Christ Church College at Oxford, and then went on to Thetford. He got to France in the spring of 1918, and was attached to D Flight bombing squadron outside Dunkirk. He had an all round thorough experience before he was through, including long distance flights, for those days, or reconnaissance or bombing, and was the oldest surviving member of his squadron by the time he was moved south to the U.S.-French sector below St. Quentin.

Dickins got back to Canada and out of the service in the spring of 1919 and returned to Edmonton with no government scheme for finishing college such as the lads today find waiting. He worked — got a job in the garage of McLaughlin-Buick Motor Company, spare parts and service organization. But it was anything to get back into the air for him. As soon as the government set up a scheme to give war pilots refresher courses in 1920 "Punch" jumped in, was made secretary of the Provincial Committee that arranged sending young men on 28-day courses at Borden.

In the Air Force

He joined the civilian setup called the Air Board in 1923 and when the Canadian Air Force was evolved in 1924, he was back in it. There was photographic work over western Canada, forest patrols and the like. But Dickins from the beginning had in mind development of transportation over Western Canada, saw the commercial possibilities, hunted high and low for financial backing.

He resigned from the air force in 1927 and went back to General Motors parts and service, travelled the western territory and made wide contacts. That year James A. Richardson of Winnipeg formed Western Airways, decided to launch out on a modest basis and took on "Punch" as a pilot. The firm became Western Canada Airways, with its base at

C. H. Dickins
—Photo by Karsh.

Hudson and operating west of Sioux Lookout to mining areas, and eventually became Canadian Airways.

The name of "Punch" Dickins is well entwined with the story of Canada's air development from that time on. Imaginative projects for use of airplanes, for prospecting, mail routes, fresh food supply to isolated settlements — all were carried through with care and competence. Sometimes publicity shed bright light on them, such as "Flying Bishop" Breyant descending from the sky with "Punch" to visit his schools and hospitals, thus giving status to this new mode of arctic travel. "Punch" flew LaBine in to Great Bear Lake, was soon supervising the flight of radium concentrates out of the arctic.

About 1931 "Punch" became Superintendent of the Mackenzie District of Canadian Airways, with his office at Edmonton and in 1935 he moved to Winnipeg as General Superintendent of operations in northwestern Canada, with a complement of 56 planes flying an aggregate of four and a half million miles a year.

C. P. R. Calling!

In January 1941, when Dorval was just a patch with no facilities, Dickins was called to Montreal by Canadian Pacific Railways, who were assisting the British Ministry of Aircraft Production by organizing an Atlantic Ferry Service for delivering American-made planes to Great Britain. Dickins was made operating Manager of Canadian Pacific Air Services. There was then nothing on either Iceland or Greenland and only "Gander" in Newfoundland. When the Royal Air Force took over the establishment as "Transport Command," "Punch" stayed on into 1942 to organize.

In the meantime Canadian Pacific Airlines came into being, through the consolidation of many independent commercial operators engaged in servicing the mining industry of the North. In the summer of 1942 "Punch" was made Vice-President and General Manager of this organization, which operates both in Western and Eastern Canada with a big gap in the middle. His job since has been in great measure to comb out the terrific variety of aircraft already in use on the small lines acquired, to standardize what were available and to use them. In the process of taking on jobs for U.S. Army and Government contractors, he arranged for the allocation to his firm of additional craft. C.P.A. has acquired new Lockheed Lodestars and Norsemen for its lines servicing mining areas. Present government policy, however, points toward all airline licenses eventually being taken out of the hands of railways or bus line operators.

Whatever may be the future of C.P. Airlines, "Punch" Dickins will remain forever an important name in the swiftly made history of Canadian air development.

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IT'S A THOUGHT

You moan of "deductions",
And the excise on gin,
But be thankful they don't
Tax the wages of sin!

HUGH PRYCE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Of Soldier Legislators and the Theory of Party Neutrality

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR issue of September 23, which has just reached us here, you say that you cannot follow the reasoning of the candidates for the active service seats in the Saskatchewan Legislature when they argue that service representatives should have no party affiliations. As one of these candidates I thought you might like me to explain it to you.

Soldiers naïvely persist in thinking that the vast majority of the Canadian public is behind them. It is a comforting thought and good for morale.

I have heard soldiers, whose welfare, real or fancied, has been jeopardized for a political consideration, complain quite bitterly about the people responsible. That is bad for morale. Sometimes these deviations for political reasons appear to hinder the war effort in other and more devastating ways, and the soldier is tempted to label them "unprincipled" and "unscrupulous".

Put shortly, the soldier has no time for politics or parties. He believes that his representative can appeal to any party because he feels Canada is whole-heartedly behind him. He doesn't think he will have to join any political group to have his voice heard. He hopes his representative will speak up without regard to political expediency. He has a faith in that country.

The point you have to grasp, and grasp firmly, is that we are Canadian soldiers, and with Canada's all-out help and backing we can pull our full weight in the struggle.

The best contribution I can make to the government of Saskatchewan will be to assist as best I can in the successful termination of this war.

Soldiers think like that. The reasoning is quite simple as the enemy shells come thumping in all round.

(LIEUT.-COL.) A. W. EMBURY
O.C. Sask. L.I. (MG), Canadian Army, CMF.

Italy, Jan. 4

Editor's note: We have no difficulty in understanding that to a soldier on any of the fighting fronts the political differences of the people at home must appear extremely unimportant and meaningless. But an elected representative of those soldiers will have to function as such, not at the front, but in the Saskatchewan Legislature, where most of his functioning will be done after the "successful termination" of the war. Our idea was that a service representative would find it easier to represent his constituency if he had defeated his opponent on some general issue such as whether Saskatchewan should have more Socialism or not—about which we fancy service men have quite well defined views. But after all, the candidates presumably know best what policies to offer to their electors, and if they feel that it is better not to align themselves with a party it is not for civilians at home to protest.

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Gentle Rebuke

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

SOME time ago we placed SATURDAY NIGHT in the reading room of our Grade XII students in the belief that it would not only increase their vocabulary, but would also be valuable in connection with their work in Social Studies.

After reading the main editorial in the issue of Jan. 27 I am very much afraid that Grade XII students in *any* province will "weary in well-doing" long before they have read this editorial to the end. According to our critics, I have always thought that we schoolteachers had something of a monopoly on talking over the heads of our students. However, your editorial leads me to believe that we are beginning to have serious competition.

Seriously, I appreciate the fact that it is sometimes impossible to explain a situation without the use of technical language, and perhaps this is the justification for the use of so many $64 words in your editorial; however, if you could frame them in words that would not be too difficult for Grade XII students (or teachers either for that matter), I believe they would be much more helpful.

Edmonton, Alberta. J. P. PAGE

Editor's Note: If we show an occasional weakness for technicological terminology in the economic *arrondissement* it may be because synonyms for its specific concepts are sparse. "Autarchy" might be called "the help-yourself policy," but that expression would be an inexactitude, and one word is shorter than four. Meanwhile we sit, like Buddha, contemplating our sins.

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A Call for Unity

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

NOBODY with any knowledge of the matter is likely to be under mistake about the part played by "New Canadians" in our present war-effort. Though reactions vary from group to group, taking them as a whole, they are undoubtedly playing a very prominent and creditable part, both in the armed forces and in the industrial and agricultural spheres.

A considerably less reassuring note is sounded by the "Canadian Mosaic" theory. Brainchild of well-intentioned theorists, mostly of Anglo-Saxon stock, and avidly seized upon by foreign pressure groups, anxious to further sectional ends, this theory contains the seeds of a hopeless national fragmentation.

Constituting themselves as spokesmen for immigrant groups, most of whose inarticulate majorities desire to assimilate as rapidly as possible to the Canadian norm, small associations can easily make it their business to enlist support for their chosen side in all of Europe's internal tiffs. Carried to extremes, this course would soon destroy any kind of coherent national policy. We have, if not in our own individual bloodstreams, at least in the national body, representatives of all the European stocks. We can not, if we would, support all of them, let alone all their fanatic factions.

No nation can ever be built on divided loyalties. The active-service man is truly, in most cases, regardless of his ancestry, fighting for Canada and the basic principles of British justice.

Any true Canadian must strive to build a unified nation, not a mere international boarding-house to serve as a convenient spring-board from which to launch political intrigues in far places.

Vancouver, B.C. W. B. W. WOODWARD

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The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

but (barring some negligible dissidents) for the Republican party also.

How different are the decisions which place a united nation at the back of the President in international dealings from those which his predecessor, Woodrow Wilson, faced after the Peace of Versailles in 1919 when the Republican party stood apart with the set purpose of mutilating or destroying the great edifice of an effective League of Nations Wilson had promulgated. It was not that they were friends of Germany, but leaders were afraid that Wilson and the Democratic party would reap permanent kudos if the League, with U.S. co-operation, became a truly effective instrument of world peace.

Though of late years the American people have come to realize the greatness of Wilson's idealism there is, sad to say, evidence that he did intend to reap kudos for his party rather than his nation. This was the cause of the wreckage of his hopes and incalculable disaster for humanity.

Strangely enough the most caustic criticism of Wilson's tactlessness and partizanship is to be found, not in writings by his countrymen, but in a book on the Peace Treaties by David Lloyd George, the most brilliant figure at Versailles. Though a great politician, the Welshman was also throughout his youth and prime, the most astute of politicians. He admits that Wilson's lack of political sense appalled him. A week before the armistice of Nov. 11, 1918, the Congressional elections had taken place and had revealed heavy gains for the Republicans. This, says Lloyd George, should have been a warning that in presenting policies at Versailles, he must seek Republican co-operation. He did the reverse. In choice of peace delegates, and all other matters, he ignored the Republican party, which naturally sought vengeance.

How different might the future of the world have been had a statesman as shrewd and broadminded as Franklin Roosevelt been President in 1918 and the following two years, —a man willing to seek and win the co-operation of party opponents in a cause of stupendous importance.

The Bad-Tempered Vote

A CORRESPONDENT mathematically minded has been studying the Toronto municipal election returns. He finds that the voters generally were disdainful of the "slates" set up by the newspapers, according to annual custom, and suggests that in future candidates should be recommended not because of their political views, but for their merit and ability only.

Some may contend that mere membership in their political party is itself a proof of high merit and clear seeing ability, but that theory has an ancient and a fish-like smell. The corollary is more modern; that a man who is active in the party we oppose must necessarily be weak in both merit and ability.

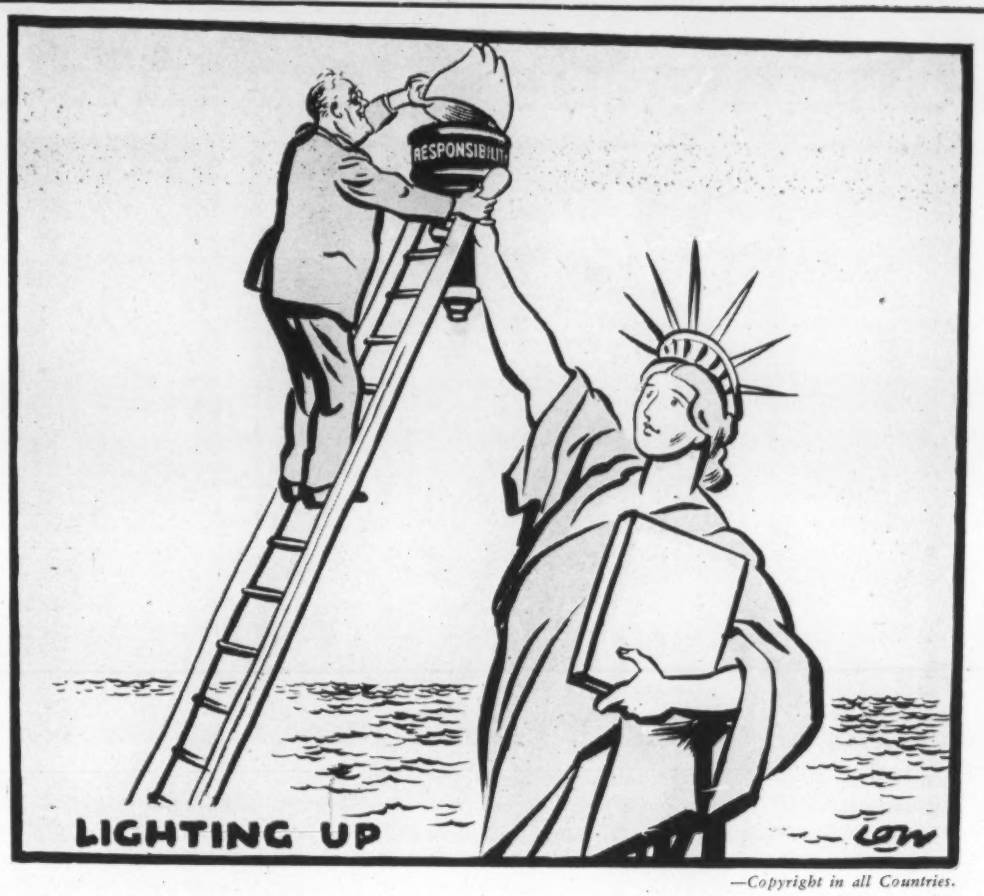
A "slate" of negatives might be influential. "Don't vote for A; he's a communist," or "Lay off B; he's a reactionary." For your average elector in Canada goes to the polls—if he goes —in a bad temper. He wants to vote against, not to vote for. So the Reliable Exterminator is heard with more content than the advocate of praise.

About References

A WRONG notion is current about reference books. They are supposed to be stuffed to bulging with mere facts, dry as kapok and much heavier. You riffle through them for the particular fact you need and hurriedly replace the book on its shelf.

But some reference books can be read for fun; encyclopaedias, for example. Pursuit of the fact required is often delayed, or even forgotten, as you happen on all sorts of queer and lively information; say, about voodooism, or telepathy, or dowsing.

Take "The Canadian Almanac". Maybe you want to find out the tariff rate on hydrogen gas in cylinders. Very well. But in the hunt you notice that the eccentricity of the planet Earth is only .017 of 1 per cent. Isn't that surprising? Our feeling in the past few years is that our world has been much more eccentric than that. In musing on the fact you probably forget all about the hydrogen.



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Anything that isn't in the Canadian Almanac is probably unimportant. For this book is in its ninety-eighth year and the pursuit of accuracy has ever been its calling. No newspaper office would think of keeping house without it, and indeed its usefulness is recognized in all kinds of offices. Copp-Clark Co. is the publisher and the price remains static at $7.50.

Smearing Britain

WE WERE pleased to note in the columns of that bright little publication *News* a protest from the pen of St. John Lovat against the smearing of Britain and the present leader of the British race, Winston Churchill, indulged in by certain Canadian commentators who obtain frequent hearing on C.B.C. national networks. Canadians are righteously indignant when they hear U.S. commentators backed by the McCormick and Hearst interests engaging in this practice. Americans could utter a *tu quoque* that certain Canadian broadcasters are equally malignant in their attitude toward the island monarchy from which their ancestors came.

Mr. Lovat specifically names a Winnipeg, and a Vancouver newspaper man who in radio speeches seek to arouse in Canadians suspicion of the good faith and statesmanship of the British Government and the man of unconquerable soul who heads it. They profess reverence for the political wisdom of Russians and the exalted idealism of Americans, but admit no desire for a better world in those who are the guides of British thinking and effort.

For a long while German propaganda has aimed at creating suspicion of Russia and Great Britain in the United States. But in Canada we have a worse form of propaganda seemingly home-made. It seeks under guise of friendship for Russia to rouse suspicion of Great Britain, just at a time when Britain's voice in the Councils of the "Big Three" should be potential. Canadian listeners need a rest from utterances of marplots who pollute the air with sinister suspicions against the motherland.

We are also glad to note that the Hamilton *Spectator* in a column leader has rebuked those who circulate in Canada the windy abuse of the London political economist Prof. Harold J. Laski. Laski may be a learned man in his own line, but his attacks on Mr. Churchill indicate that his ideals strongly resemble those of a hooligan who says, "'Ere comes a toff, let's 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im."

Vices of Our Poetry

THE Director of Protestant Education for the Province of Quebec is obviously a man who has made a keen study of Canadian poetry. In an address last month to the Montreal Poetry Group of the Canadian Authors' Association, Dr. Percival demonstrated by quotation an enormous range of reading in that field; but he gave an even more convincing evidence. Discussing the "principal factors" in good poetry he began with the two well-known ones of Coleridge and then added a list of eight of his own, and the first of the eight was "Avoidance of the hackneyed".

Obviously a negative factor, this is nevertheless the one which most needs impressing upon the minds of all but a half-dozen of our best writers of verse; and tolerance of the hackneyed is the besetting vice of most of our writers and almost all of our critics. We have far too much echo-poetry, and it is far too highly regarded. We have poets who still write like Burns, like Tennyson, like Walt Whitman, like Longfellow. (Let no reader write in to say that SATURDAY NIGHT occasionally publishes their poems; we know it perfectly well, but we try to do better.)

The fourth of Dr. Percival's items is "Good sense, proportion and balance". Lack of that is the opposite and alternative defect of Canadian verse. The poets who fail to avoid the hackneyed usually have lots of proportion and balance; the trouble is that it is somebody else's proportion and balance and not their own. The poets who attain avoidance of the hackneyed often fail in proportion and balance; they throw overboard too much ballast in the effort to attain heights of originality.

Historian of the West

THE RECENT passing of Prof. Arthur S. Morton who died suddenly in the office of President Thomson of the University of Saskatchewan received less public attention in Canada than would have been the case in peace time. The deceased was 74 and had formerly been professor of history in that institution; to which he came from Edinburgh University shortly after its foundation in 1908. No new-comer to this country ever identified himself more deeply with a novel environment than he. In the course of years he made himself the greatest of authorities on the history of the North West and British Columbia. Modern research methods were applied by him to the immense body of lore contained in the archives of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the narratives of explorers and fur traders.

Professor Morton wrote several books including "History of Prairie Settlement" and "Life of Sir George Simpson", but his magnum opus is "A History of the Canadian West" telling the story of every section of that vast territory from its aboriginal days to its inclusion in the Dominion in 1870-71. It was the work of many years and could not have been written without the assistance of the late James Richardson of Winnipeg and the Carnegie Foundation. In approximately a thousand pages he told a story remarkable for its lucidity and romantic interest. In the course of his labors he examined every known document relating to his subject and by personal travel traced all the old trails and water routes. The result is a volume encyclopaedic in character, which, because of its completeness, must remain a great source book for centuries to come.

The Passing Show

"WILL Hitler Hang?" asks a headline in a national weekly. The experiment is well worth trying.

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"Penicillin in lipsticks will make kissing safer." (London *Daily Mail*). We doubt it.

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"Before the allied postwar machinery can be set in motion following cessation of hostilities there's bound to be a breathing spell," writes a political columnist. At least there's a chance we will get some of the peace we have been fighting for.

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Turkey has expressed a wish to declare war in order to be in on the peace. This savors of Tartar sauce.

•

"The Jap machine has stopped and is rolling backwards."—Ottawa *Journal*.

Meanwhile the Allied machine, leaning over backwards to roll forward, will reach the peak, while the goal of victory, already plucked, will be in our hands in an ever-increasing tempo.

•

Indifference

"My ambition
Is fission,"
Said the amoeba
To the Queen of Sheba.
The Queen gave a sympathetic smile
And went on sailing down the Nile.

STUART HEMSLEY

•

The annual report of the Ottawa police department shows that it collected almost $1000 a week from law breakers of the city during the past year. Who said that crime doesn't pay?

•

H. G. Wells objects to unconditional surrender as an "idiot phrase" which serves only to aggravate the enemy. Already there are signs that Germany is very much cut up.

•

The trouble with meeting the Russians in Berlin is that no one seems to know whether we should shake hands or fists.

•

Mr. Jolliffe in North Grey took objection to Mr. Case and General McNaughton as political turncoats. It's against C.C.F. political ethics to turn anything else but C.C.F.

•

Interruption Unwelcome

Soft and alluring the tone
Borne to me over the 'phone,
Maidenly low and most maidenly sweet
Like Annie Laurie's; a treat!

So I forgot that the ring
Moved me to cuss the old thing,
Brought me upstairs from putting in coal
Troubled my workaday soul.

"Yes," I responded, "It's me."
Grammar forgot, as you see.
Courtly my accent and strictly high class
Since I would match the dear lass.

"Radio research," she replied.
Then all my courtliness died.
"Tell me what station you're listening to."
Still in tones honied with goo.

"None," I retorted with heat
"Thank you!" The accent still sweet.
Click! I hung up with a sputtering soul,
Sternly went back to my coal.

J. E. M.

•

"Men want to be as beautiful as women but they haven't got the nerve to admit it," says a cosmetic manufacturer who is preparing facial toiletries for the postwar man. The idea will appeal to Junior who won't mind seeing Pop tanning himself for a change.

•

A group of distinguished sociological, educational and psychiatrical experts in the *Journal of Educational Sociology* declares that the colored comic strips of today "like the folklore of other times, serve as a means to stimulate the child's fantasy life, and so help him solve the individual and sociological problems inherent in his living." To which our own bright Junior replies: "Eek! Wham! Plop! Blam! Whack! Sputt! Grrr! Drips! Ow! Clunk! Whop! Sock! Ba-h-h-h! Yokum! *!?**! Z-z-z-z-z-z!

•

The United States is making V bombs. And now the Germans will have a taste of their Hun medicine.

•

Worst pun of the month is in the *Sat. Rev. of Lit.* Gypsy Rose Lee is in a movie called "The Belle of the Yukon". Says S.R.L.—"The Belle does not peel."

Fliers in Iceland Battle Elements and U-boats

Life for R.C.A.F. fliers in Iceland is certainly no bed of roses, but they don't let it get them down, as this camp sign indicates.

Airmen attend church in this little Nissen hut. Padre is S/L R.H.N. Davidson, Toronto.

Visitors from "outside" are rare, but when a Canadian destroyer called at Reykjavik these two sailors looked up friends at "Camp Maple Leaf".

You wash your own in Iceland, so F/S S. Comer, Montreal, went into the laundry business — bought and repaired this old washing machine and rents it out by the half hour.

THE worst in the world! That's what fliers of all nations say about flying conditions that exist in storm-swept Iceland, home of a Royal Canadian Air Force coastal patrol squadron for more than a year. But through all kinds of weather, under unbelievable conditions these hardy Canadians carry on their relentless battle against German submarines.

Great success has marked their efforts. It was from this "cold hunk of rock" lying just south of the Arctic Circle that F/L D. E. Hornell of Mimico, Ont., flew to combat an enemy submarine in one of the greatest battles of the war. Hornell and his gallant crew sank the submarine. For his part, Hornell, who died shortly afterwards, was awarded the Victoria Cross . . . the first and only V.C. awarded to a member of the R.C.A.F. in this war.

The Canadian squadron arrived in Iceland in January, 1944, complete with ground crew, supplies—even its own cooks, shoe repairmen and depth charges. Ground crew needed for immediate maintenance were flown in transports, the balance being packed into two tiny 500-ton wooden ships of the R.C.A.F. Marine section. These little vessels bucked the worst storm in five years to reach their port in Iceland.

The Canadians' first home was "Camp Corbet," a spot that was anything but hospitable. Now they are safely housed at Camp Maple Leaf, which as the accompanying pictures show, is comparatively comfortable. The camp consists of several hundred Nissen huts in neat rows. On the main street is "Boomtown Theatre" which shows the latest Hollywood movies. In this same large building—a giant Nissen hut—are a gymnasium, a library with more than 1,000 books, and lounge rooms.

Social life in Iceland is not of the best—but it is improving for Canadians. In the hotel Borg at Reykjavik, Icelandic girls will dance with a Canadian, Briton or American, but have little to say. When invited to Camp Maple Leaf, they are more friendly, for then they are not under the watchful eye of Icelandic officialdom. Canadians are said to be the most popular of all three occupying forces, due perhaps in part to the presence in Canada of 40,000 Icelanders, who migrated there during the past half century.

During the winter months the sub-Arctic night is 21 hours long and the Canadians take sunlamp treatments to make up for living in a sort of perpetual mushroom cellar. Now the sun has swung north, and in a few months there will be almost 21 hours of daylight a day.

The airmen are allowed paint to improve their huts, but many, like Cpl. Marvin Richardson of Ottawa would rather "pin-up" than paint-up.

For the dances held twice a week in the officers' and sergeants' messes, the squadron got together and turned out this excellent eight-piece dance band, "The Maple Leaf".

Every Thursday night in the officers' mess is "Stulka" night. "Stulka" is Icelandic for "young unmarried women." Here are six Stulkas and their Canadian escorts.

Cross-Section of American Art in Gallery Show

By Paul Duval

THE heightened interest in their own art which has been displayed by Americans of recent years has been mainly caused by two things: the American artist's forced isolation from the Paris school, and a sudden resurgent spate of what might be described as an almost aggressive nationalism. This wartime respite from European influences has done American painting no great harm; rather it has permitted the painters to take stock of themselves, gather their bearings a bit more confidently, and to develop characteristics which are uniquely their own. Not that American painting is going to exist fruitfully in any permanent delusion of national self-sufficiency, but when European influences begin to return in force, younger American painters are going to be much less likely to adopt them *in toto*, without adding anything authentic of their own.

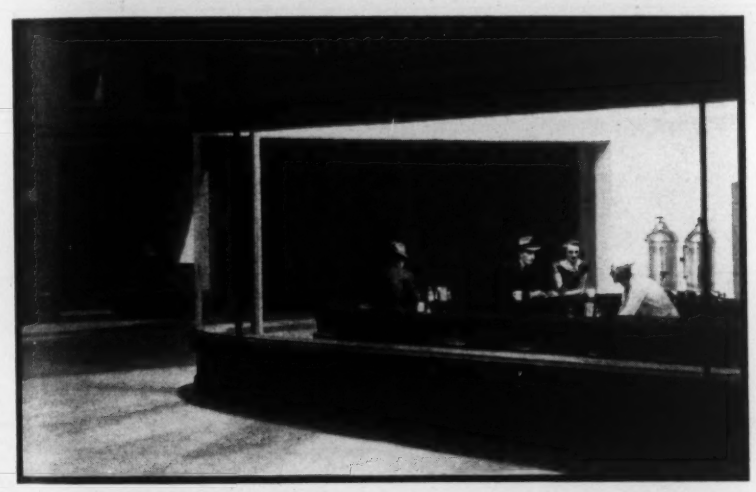
One concrete result of all this has been the publication of dozens of volumes, many of them excellent, which deal critically and historically with American artists. Another has been increased acquisition by United States galleries of works by living American artists.

The general soundness of the major United States' galleries' policies is reflected in the exhibition "Museums' Choice", now at the Art Gallery of Toronto, which presents a pretty fair cross-section of the more original trends in American painting today. It is composed of examples selected from the collections of a number of major galleries, and all the artists represented are supposed to have lived in the United States since 1930. (Somebody's enthusiasm for Lyonel Feininger caused him to be included though he didn't retake up residence over here until 1936.) Of the most important veteran American modernists, all of whom shook the shackles of European influences to an exceptional degree, John Marin, Edward Hopper, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Charles Burchfield, and the late Marsden Hartley are all represented by at least one typical and important example. The more volubly "national", but I think less important, Thomas Benton and John Stuart Curry also show representative works.

Of the rest, Stuart Davis, the ablest of America's extreme abstractionists (though he disowns the label); Walt Kuhn, who paints circus folk almost as solidly, if more stolidly, as Degas painted ballet girls; Henry Mattson, the most able and authentic of living American marine painters, and Reginald Marsh, the most important of contemporary recorders of New York City's humanity, are fairly represented. Neither of the two things by Henry Varnum Poor show him at his best. Of the younger men, both Joseph de Martini and Raymond Breinin show outstanding works.

Toronto does not see nearly enough of present day American painting, although it comes closest to Canada's own at present in fundamentals, and is beginning to exert a considerable influence on our artists. Thus, such exhibitions as "Museums' Choice" are well worth doing—and well worth seeing.

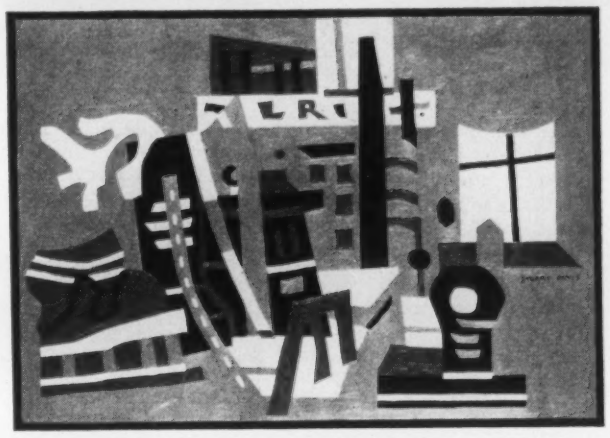
The **New Second Hand Sofa, by Adolf Dehn**
The **Art Institute of Chicago.**



Nighthawks, by Edward Hopper
The **Art Institute of Chicago.**

The **City, by Raymond Breinin**
The **Art Institute of Chicago.**

Still Life—Pears, by Henry Varnum Poor
The Columbus Gallery of Fine Art, Columbus, Ohio.



New York Waterfront, by Stuart Davis
The Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York, N.Y.

Quarry, by Joseph De Martini
Addison Gallery, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

Old House by Creek, by Charles Burchfield
Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, N.Y.

Margaret Boni Playing the Recorder, by Julian Levi
The Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York, N.Y.

The Flying Codonas, by John Stuart Curry
Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, N.Y.

Canada is Making Way Through Air Muddle

By FRANCIS FLAHERTY

At the recent New York air meeting between the United States and Canada agreement was reached on a pattern of trans-border airlines.

Mr. Flaherty contrasts this meeting with the international civil aviation conference at Chicago which though it made some progress in technical matters failed to work out a solid basis in the legal and diplomatic fields.

IN A two-day meeting of aviation officials at New York, Canada and the United States settled most of the outstanding aviation problems between them for the measurable future. Less than two months before this expeditious gathering representatives of more than 40 nations spent more than six weeks at Chicago, became increasingly irritated with one another and failed to reach agreement on some of the important problems assigned to them.

The two meetings were very different in scope but they illustrate how much simpler are Canadian-United States relations than relations among the nations generally, even when the latter are restricted to those fighting in the same cause and committed in principle to the same notions of an orderly and cooperative postwar era. They also contain vital lessons for those who plan future international conferences, pointing to the importance of having what diplomats call an "area of agreement" and a solid understanding on the part of the principal parties of one another's viewpoints before a formal meeting is undertaken.

The New York meeting was simply for the purpose of revising and renewing the agreement allocating air routes between Canada and the United States to Canadian and United States operation respectively. Its results assure the opening of a number of new entries for TCA into the United States in addition to the single service now flown between Toronto and New York. Among other places to which Canadians will be able to fly in Canadian planes when services are arranged is Chicago.

The larger International Civil Aviation conference of November and December in Chicago although it produced a sheaf of agreements for subsequent signature and ratification still leaves unsettled the terms on which Canadian air services may operate to more distant fields. In the British parliament they are already talking of a new approach to the problem of achieving a workable arrangement to avoid intense competition between nations for air transport business. As the United States took the initiative before, it is likely if any new attempt is made the initiative will come from elsewhere.

The Chicago conference has been held up as a horrible example of what a meeting charged with planning a phase of postwar economic relations should not be. This criticism tends to overlook the conference's really solid achievements, especially in the technical field. It has already had a good effect, however, in that there is less insistence on the calling of an international tariff and trade conference and more time being taken in exploratory conversations with a view to finding out just what agreements are possible.

What Chicago Did

The achievements at Chicago were: agreement on the creation of an international organization with limited but expandible powers; establishment of freedom of flight for non-scheduled aircraft over the territories of all signing countries; the settling of two alternative formulae under which nations may extend a wider measure of freedom to scheduled commercial flights; agreement on common technical standards and rules; outlawing of discriminatory and obstructionist treatment of the airlines of one state by another state.

The conference's chief failures, judged by the advance intentions of most if not all of the national delegations, were: failure to eliminate hard bargaining between nations for commercial flying rights over one another's territory; failure to guard against uneconomic competition and a subsidized battle for prestige in the air; failure to enhance international goodwill and confidence.

If any blame for failures is to be attributed to lack of preparation on the part of the United States Government it must not go to the American technical experts for the way they laid out that side of the conference. The scientific men had a right to enjoy a good chuckle at the expense of their legal and diplomatic confreres for when the conference opened it was taken for granted the job of laying out uniform technical standards and rules would be long and that the legal framework of an agreement would be ready before the technical annexes. Just the opposite was the case. The technicians had finished their work long before the diplomats gave up, their work incomplete.

That the Canadian delegation came out of the conference with such high esteem is due to the careful preparation given by the inter-departmental committee on civil aviation over a period of more than a year. The Canadians went to the conference with a well-considered plan, disclosed the whole thing at once and followed it up with soundly based arguments. Moreover they were well informed in advance of the positions likely to be taken by the United States and the United Kingdom and had definite ideas as to the means of reconciling the differences they foresaw.

Although there had been informal bilateral talks between the British and the Americans prior to the conference it was evident neither side was fully informed of the other's viewpoint. It was also apparent that the Americans in drafting their proposals relied on officials who were woefully ignorant of the status which certain other countries had insisted upon and had been accorded in the past.

The United States at first proposed an arbitrary set-up for an international council allotting two seats to itself, two to the British Commonwealth, two to Russia, one each to Brazil, China, and France, with six others to be elected. The framers overlooked the fact that the nations of the British Commonwealth have always insisted on separate and not joint representation and in any case could not be put off with two seats in fifteen.

Latin American Bloc

They also overlooked the Latin-American republics and they speedily dealt with the situation. They got together and recalled that Pan-Americanism is based on the principle of the "juridical equality of states". They insisted on an equal voice for all states large and small, and their view was quickly accepted by the United States. But the incident crystallized a definite Latin-American bloc. The first Latin-American proposal was an assembly with all states having one vote and electing a council of 15. This was later expanded to 21 in the final draft, and in the election the Latin-American bloc secured so many seats that for the sake of balance Cuba withdrew in favor of India.

The lack of preparation on the part of the United States was also evident in complete misunderstanding of the positions of the British Commonwealth countries. A. A. Berle, Jr., head of the United States delegation, who has since been retired as Assistant Secretary of State, believed the Commonwealth states were ganged-up against the United States. It was a fact that the Commonwealth delegations met at Montreal before going on to Chicago. It was also a fact that the meeting was surrounded with a degree of secrecy which made for suspicion but the trend of the conference soon made it clear to Mr. Berle that he had to revise his tactics. The British Empire bloc did not exist.

The airiness with which Mr. Berle dismissed the various proposals for an international authority to exercise real power in the field of aviation, as dreams suitable for some far-distant Utopia but not for the practical world of today, put him in a strong negative position from the start. He was left with little room for bargaining without appearing to be

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making important concessions. Australia, New Zealand, the United Kingdom and Canada all proposed in varying forms, an international authority vested with very definite powers over the economic aspects of aviation. Mr. Berle said the United States would agree to no powers in the economic field of allocation of routes and frequencies and fixing rates. It was not a case of one party offering $50 for a horse and the other demanding $100. It was a case of one wanting to buy and the other refusing to sell. There is no real middle ground between something and nothing.

The British in their pre-conference White Paper did not fully disclose what they had in mind in the allocation of quotas based on embarked traffic. The idea as it developed was a distinct shock to the Americans. It was that on a given route between two countries the number of planes operated by each should be apportioned on the basis of the traffic embarked in each. This would mean something close to a 50-50 division in all cases since, in passenger traffic at least, the amount carried each way is bound to be about the same even though most of the traffic originates in one country.

The closing phase of the conference also brought to light the fact that the United States did not lay all its cards on the table at the start. When it came up with demand for a "fifth freedom" it took the rest of the conference by surprise.

The Freedoms

The four freedoms were first proposed by Canada and the United Kingdom in almost identical terms but subject to control by an international authority. They were, in respect to scheduled commercial services: freedom to fly over a state's territory, to land for non-traffic purposes, to disembark traffic from the country of origin of the aircraft and to embark traffic for the country of origin.

The fifth freedom was the right to take on traffic for a third country and disembark traffic from a third country. It would put American airlines in competition with Canadian and British in carrying traffic between Canada and Britain.

At the start the United States was willing to write only the first two freedoms into a general international convention. The other freedoms, in their view, should be arranged by direct bilateral agreements between countries.

An attempt was made to make the conference a sort of auction for the negotiation of such agreements and to have them all conform to a standard pattern. The United States delegation published its proposed route pattern, the lines it thought should be run from the United States. Other countries did the same and some of the route patterns were futuristic in the extreme.

None of the British Commonwealth countries offered any route pattern at all, although it was known that as between themselves a very definite route pattern had been elaborated at the Montreal conference. This was more than a little irritating to the Americans and it effectively put a stop to the bilateral agreement auction idea. The only bilateral agreement to come out of the conference was one between the United States and Spain, probably one of the less valuable of the agreements hoped for.

The fifth freedom was brought out when the Canadian delegation had, after a lot of go-between work, got the United States and Britain close to agreement on the four freedoms and on allocation of routes and frequencies. By this time regulation of rates was to be left to agreement between operators. The Canadian "escalator clause" which provided that after an initial allocation of frequencies the operator who steadily increased his load carrying could get more frequencies took care of United States insistence on competition as against the British insistence on protection.

The deal was almost closed when Mr. Berle said he would accept but only if the fifth freedom were included. Lord Swinton, the chief British delegate, refused to consider such a proposal.

Personal Disagreement

There was a good deal of personal incompatibility between Lord Swinton and Mr. Berle. At times during the long three-way private talks between these two and the chief Canadian delegate, sometimes Hon. C. D. Howe and sometimes Mr. H. J. Symington, sharp words were spoken and tempers were on edge. The long weeks at Chicago will not make any easier the negotiations the United States must undertake in order to secure further bilateral agreements with the British in respect of air services to the United Kingdom and to various parts of the colonial Empire.

The fate of the United States' favorite "five freedoms" agreement is rather doubtful. For the time being Canada is not adhering to it and it is unlikely any of the Commonwealth countries will accept it. Both the United Kingdom and Canada have adhered to the "two freedoms" agreement and the reservation made by the United Kingdom regarding Newfoundland has been withdrawn.

The general convention to set up an international organization is likely to find fairly wide acceptance as is the provisional agreement to set up an interim organization pending ratification of the permanent convention. The Canadian government, accorded the honor of playing host to the first headquarters of the organization, has fixed Montreal as the site. That city where trans-Atlantic and trans-Continental air services already meet will now have the inside track in the contest to become the permanent headquarters of the world-governing authority in aviation.

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Dominion-Provincial Cooperation Will Be Essential in Postwar

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

THE political observer who comes to Ottawa at the present time and attempts to get his bearings must be struck at once by the singular obscurity of the immediate future. There was probably never a time when vital plans had to be shaped in the presence of so many "unknowns". When will Germany be beaten? And how will the European War end, overnight, or in a series of guerilla campaigns which taper off so gradually that no one can say exactly on what day the war does end? And how long after the subjugation of Germany will Japan last?

These uncertainties of themselves are awkward to all planners. There are departments in Ottawa feverishly stepping up their activities and looking about for new staff in the knowledge that as soon as the German phase of the war ends they must cut their operations fifty per cent and that when Japan is beaten they will fold up entirely. There are others marking time and playing around with paper plans, minus either staff or offices, yet in the full consciousness that the moment the postwar era begins they will be overwhelmed with work and responsibility.

But these military "unknowns" are only a part of the picture. There is the immediate political situation. Will there be another session? What will be the date of the general election? Will the election be fought on war issues then still very much alive, or on postwar policies? What will be the complexion of the next Parliament? Will any party obtain sufficient seats to form a stable government? If not, will there be a new election immediately, or will any coalition be feasible which would enable urgent postwar policies to be carried out?

Then, assuming a stable party government or coalition government in office at Ottawa, what domestic and international climate must it face? Will it find its two best customers able and willing to take Canadian products on a scale enabling us to maintain a high national income?

And then, in some ways most vital of all, what will be the atmosphere of Dominion-Provincial relations after the war? Will the new government receive cooperation and harmony from the nine provincial governments, or not?

Friction With Provinces

What has always bedevilled Dominion-Provincial relations in the past will, unfortunately, be likely to do so again. A party of one complexion in power at Ottawa can hardly expect the most enthusiastic support from provincial governments of another stripe. Should Mr. Coldwell be able to form a government at Ottawa after the next election, he could, presumably, count on almost affectionate backing from Premier Tommy Douglas, but perhaps not so much cordiality from other premiers. Mr. Bracken might be able to handle Mr. Duplessis rather better than either Mr. King or Mr. Coldwell. Mr. Bracken might find in Colonel Drew either a right-hand man or a subtle rival for future leadership. The possibilities of intrigue, resistance, friction and back-scratching in the Dominion-Provincial relationships are, unfortunately, without limit.

It will come as a rude shock to many people to be reminded that this matter of cooperation between the federal and provincial governments is a matter of grave concern in all postwar plans. For more than five years this country has operated, in effect, as a unitary state; and it is much to be feared that many enthusiastic politicians and planners, in discussing the "brave new world" of full employment and high national income, have taken it for granted that it will continue to be a unitary state after the war.

Those who have temporarily lost sight of this interesting fact—that Canada is a federation—would find it instructive to review again the events which followed the first Great War, when provincial autonomy after five years of quiescence reasserted itself in a decisive manner. There are, unfortunately, ample signs that there will be a similar resurgence of provincialism when this war is over. Indeed, it is already impatiently pushing against the bars in some places and threatening to break out before the peace treaties are signed.

Labor and Provincialism

The other day Premier Duplessis and members of his cabinet received a delegation representing the unions in the province affiliated with the Canadian Congress of Labor. The memorial presented by the unions dealt, among other things, with the constitutional question. The delegates said that of course they accepted confederation and in no way intended to destroy legitimate provincial autonomy. They added that some revision of the constitution was essential, that the federal powers must in some spheres be enlarged, that only a directed economy and control of credit on a national plan could avert another depression, and wound up by hoping that the Quebec provincial government would not hide behind a cry of 'autonomy' to prevent the necessary revision of the constitution. "It is necessary," they asserted, "that we become a united nation with equal rights for all citizens from ocean to ocean. There are not nine different countries of Canada".

Premier Duplessis' answer gave a rather lurid preview of the kind of thing the Dominion-Provincial Conference—which Mr. King has just said would be held at the earliest appropriate time, obviously not before a general election—will have to face and solve, if it is to be a success. He was quoted as saying: "Never will I consent to cede any rights to Ottawa in the matter of wage fixing or the hours of labor." Quebec, he said, would stick by the constitution, which gave the province certain rights. He was elected on that platform, he said, and he would respect it. He even went so far as to imply that anyone who fought for an enlargement of national authority was a disguised Fascist or Nazi.

The blunt fact is that, once the authority of the War Measures Act has lapsed, once the grave emergency of war has ended and the people are not held together nationally by a sense of crisis, we shall be back again in the prewar atmosphere in which the obstacle facing any major reform was two-fold: Where are we going to get the money? and What about the constitution? Everyone who attended the special war session of Parliament in 1939 recalls the almost miraculous manner in which these two barriers were brushed aside when the nation girded up its loins for war. We never heard them even mentioned.

Will Bob Up Again

Whether the masses of the people, the returned service men and women, and the war workers will be patient when these bogeys bob up again to block plans for postwar employment and high national income is a very doubtful point. But the problems will be there, just the same, and those politicians who go about glibly promising full employment might usefully decide what they are going to do about Dominion-Provincial relations, and how they are going to reconcile the inevitable resurgence of provincialism with the need of endowing the national government with enough powers to discharge its postwar responsibilities.

It would not be an exaggeration, under the current circumstances, to say that it is a matter of life-and-death in Canadian politics for the Dominion and provincial governments to pull together. No matter what the reformers dream, the fact is that there are many fields of endeavor in which both governments share, and are likely to continue to share. These fields cannot be effectively cultivated without an understanding between Dominion and provincial administrations. The problem of divided—or uncertain—jurisdiction can be readily solved in a variety of fashions so long as there is goodwill on both sides. But it is insoluble in an atmosphere of unreasonable manoeuvering for power and prestige. If politicians insist on playing these petty games they will gravely retard Canadian rehabilitation after the war, unless the voting public see through the intrigues and replace them with men and women whose major concern is the welfare of Canada.

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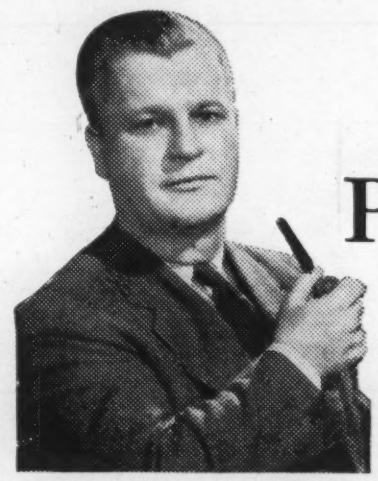

A Policyholder Reports

"Some years ago I insured my life with The Mutual Life of Canada and every year since that time I have carefully read the Company's Annual Report because as a policyholder I am, with 180,000 other policyholders, a part-owner of the business.

"I am a practical man, and big figures, as such, do not convey much meaning—I want to know what they mean to me as a policyholder and to my dependents.

"Take 1944 for instance. More new policyholders joined The Mutual Life than during any other year in the Company's long history. That means a stronger company, more people united with me for a common purpose—personal and family protection. (We own 285,000 policies for protection exceeding $723,000,000). It is evidence that the Company has gained a good reputation through its service and outstanding policy results.

"$14,854,000 was paid to policyholders in death claims, matured policies, dividends and other payments last year, benefitting many individuals and families throughout Canada. My policies are still in force and their values are constantly increasing. The assurance of security for the future that they guarantee gives me peace of mind.

"Of the amount paid out by the Company in 1944 I received my share of the dividends, or premium refunds as a substantial reduction of my premium. $93,000,000 have been paid in dividends to policyholders since The Mutual Life was first organized in 1869, which means that the actual cost of insurance has been reduced by this amount.

"I also noted with pleasure that The Mutual Life invested heavily in the two Victory Loans of 1944 and that a large percentage of the assets, which total $252,000,000, is in War and Victory Bonds. I am interested in these assets because they belong to us—the policyholders—and represent the stability behind our insurance.

"It pleases me to know that the Company is conducting its operations from year to year so carefully that the SAFETY of my insurance is unquestioned, and so economically and efficiently that the earnings of the Company give me my insurance at the LOWEST POSSIBLE NET COST.

"You see, life insurance to me is a personal thing, and my Company's reports on its operations for the year mean more than a presentation of figures—to me they mean a strengthening of my present and future security and that of my fellow policyholders and our dependents."

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Day of One-Man Rule Is Far From Over

By THE VERY REV. W. R. INGE

"All forms of government are bad," says Dr. Inge, and "democracies have never lasted long." Parliamentary government with us is accepted because it has grown naturally like a tree, but those nations who have imported it have not been able to make it work, and "nobody who knows anything of continental politics believes that one-man rule has had its day."

Wallingford, England.

LIBERTY is endangered more by those who like to obey than by those who wish to rule. We British are slow to admit this, and it is probably less true of us than of other nations. The German does not mind being shouted at, provided that there is someone else at whom he may shout.

But we have now learnt that the flowing tide does not set irresistibly and finally towards Democracy. This was the belief when I was young; it was one of the doctrines which seem so self-evident that they are hardly ever questioned.

The German publicist von Sybel had the courage to say, "Universal suffrage will be the beginning of the end of popular government," and Carlyle spoke of shooting Niagara, but in this country such opinions were supposed to belong only to the Conservatives, the stupid party as the Liberals called them.

History never gave any sanction to this optimistic faith. Democracies have never lasted long. The Roman republic died in giving birth first to a dictatorship slightly camouflaged, under Augustus, and this, under Diocletian, became a Sultanate of the oriental type, which lasted in the east for a thousand years.

The medieval Italian republics all fell under the rule of tyrants or of foreign Powers. The Papacy has become steadily more autocratic, till in 1870 the Pope was allowed to proclaim himself infallible. The turbulent feudal nobility of the Middle Ages were suppressed by strong monarchs like Henry VIII and Louis XIV. Napoleon the First, Napoleon the Third, and Hitler, were escorted to the throne by enormous popular majorities.

Nobody who knows anything of continental policies believes that one-man rule has had its day. Parliamentary government with us is accepted or at least tolerated, because it has grown naturally like a tree; but the nations which have imported it, following our example, have not been able to make it work. On the Continent, where a deputy has been known to catch the Speaker's eye with a well-aimed inkpot, debates were not exactly a feast of reason. For that matter, who reads them now in our country? They seldom turn votes.

Destruction From Within

Mussolini said: "Democracy is folly, as is proved by the fact that it is always discarded at once when the country is in danger." But it is not only a dangerous war which may make democracy unworkable. Where there is no fundamental loyalty; where the voters put their party or their class or their creed above their country; where the legislators are mere delegates who cannot vote according to their convictions; where politics is merely mass-bribery, popular government has been destroyed from within, and has become a mischievous sham.

After being misgoverned by parrots and monkeys, the people will sadly or gladly submit to an eagle. Unfortunately, he usually turns out to be no eagle, but a vulture.

There is the rub. How can Plato's philosopher-king be found? The nearest historical example, Marcus Aurelius, was a despondent ruler. He worshipped his wife, who was no better than she should be, and left his crown to his son, who had the morals of a satyr and the tastes of a prizefighter.

Historians who have glorified the superman have been mostly invalids like Nietzsche, or like Carlyle, who loathed the destiny which condemned him to trounce cant with words instead of blows. If he and Nietszche had been dictators they were sure that they would have stood no nonsense. They would have trampled upon opposition, taken away baubles, and comported themselves like Nietzsche's great blond beasts.

The real dictator is no superman. He may become a homicidal lunatic, like Caligula and Ivan the Terrible. He may get sick of his power and abdicate, like Diocletian and Charles V. He may lose his judgment and indulge in wild schemes of conquest, like Louis XIV, Napoleon, Mussolini and Hitler. But normally he is a muddle-headed opportunist like Napoleon III. The real Cromwell was very unlike Carlyle's picture of him. He was a great cavalry leader, an honest country gentleman, and a religious mystic.

Dependençe on Force

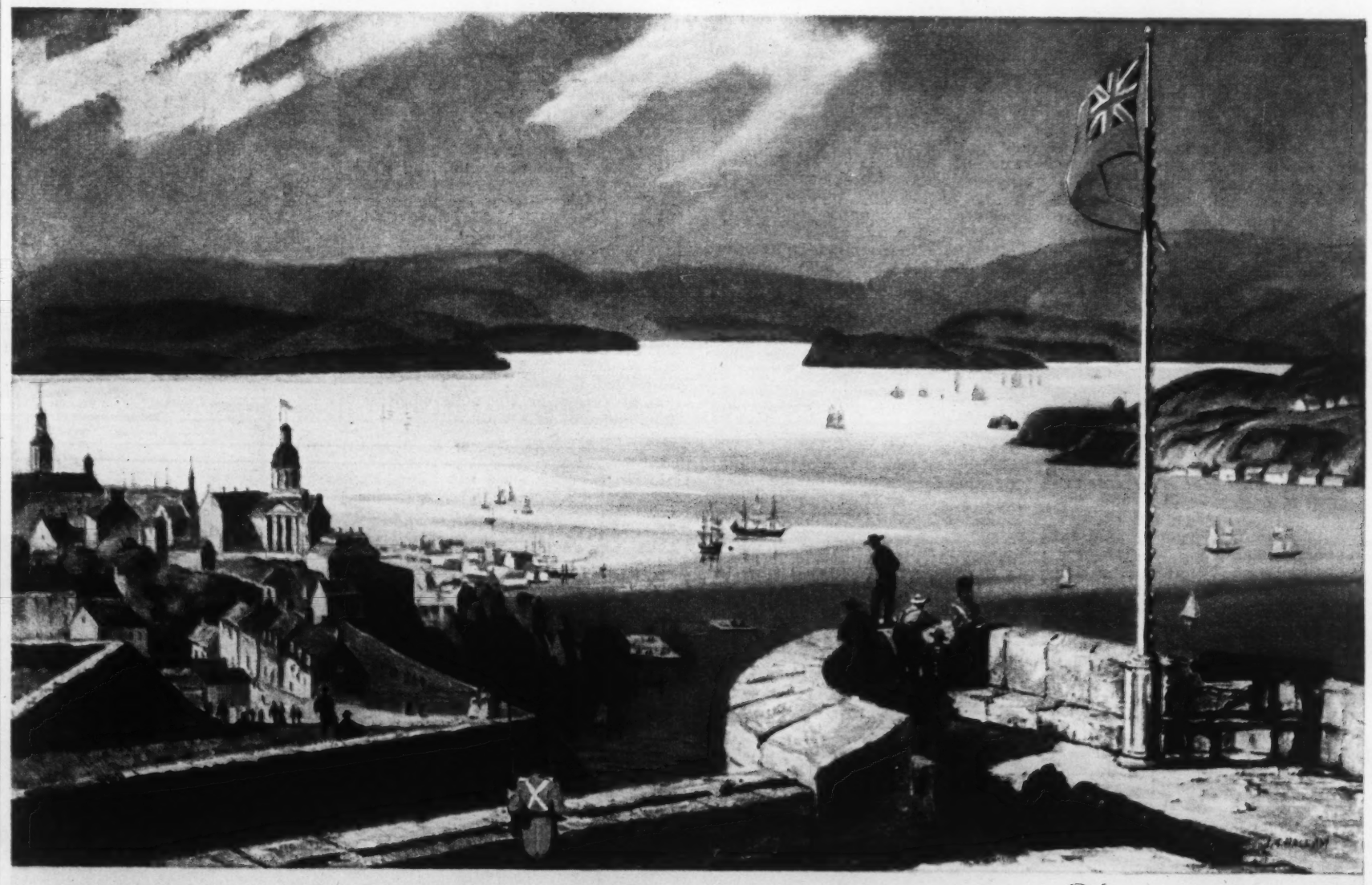
The difficulty about the succession is alone enough to condemn absolute monarchy. But a still more fatal objection is that the dictator has almost always to depend on his army. "Make the soldiers rich; never mind about the rest," said Septimus Severus to his successor. More fatal advice was never given; the soldiers murdered nearly all the emperors in the third century.

You can do everything with bayonets except sit on them; and the subjects must not suspect that the bayonets are there to keep them quiet. So the dictator nearly always attempts wars of conquest.

The landmarks in the reign of the Third Napoleon are the Crimea, Sadowa, Mexico, Sedan. The French had got rid of Louis Philippe because he bored them. They must not be bored again. Statesmen like Bismarck sometimes know when to stop, dictators never — though Napoleon after his fall confessed that he had now learnt that mere force can achieve nothing.

All forms of government are bad; Plato thought that dictatorship is the worst of all, and democracy the next worst. He like Aristotle, Cicero, Thomas Aquinas, Burke and Lecky, preferred a mixed government, like the late lamented British constitution.

I was once asked by a Cabinet Minister what my politics were. I said I thought I was a cross-bencher. "No," he said, "I can tell you what you are; you are the last Whig." After which your correspondent died of old age, "and then there were none."



GIBRALTAR OF THE NORTH

"Quebec City, from the Citadel"

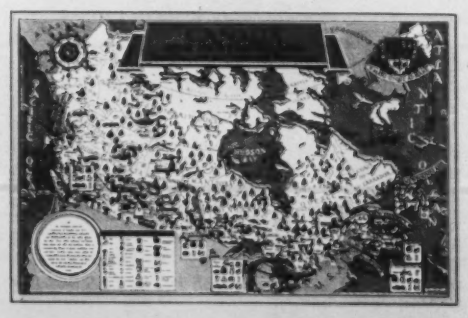
• Painted by J. S. Hallam, A.R.C.A., O.S.A., after an 1840 engraving of W. H. Bartlett, now in the John Ross Robertson Collection, Toronto Public Libraries. In the foreground is the King's Bastion, and the deep moat of masonry just outside the Citadel wall may be seen.

• Three hundred and thirty-three feet above the St. Lawrence River the sheer, black sides of Cape Diamond rise into the blue; bastion of New France, stronghold of the Canadas, meeting-place of the old and the new, Quebec remains North America's only fortified city.

The warp and the woof of Canadian history is Quebec's. Jacques Cartier discovered it in 1535 as the Indian village of Stadacona. Founded by Samuel de Champlain in 1608, Quebec became the centre of New France. Captured by Wolfe in 1759, it was unsuccessfully besieged by the Americans in 1775-76. Named the capital of Lower Canada in 1791, it was incorporated as a city in 1832.

In our day this Gibraltar of the North became the meeting-place of Churchill and Roosevelt. Here historic decisions were made affecting not only our lives but with far-reaching results for generations.

Thus Quebec became, in the eyes of millions, the symbol of the rock upon which is created Victory and the Peace. Peace must be as firm and enduring as the towering sides of Cape Diamond, Gibraltar of the North. . . . and it *will* be as firm, because, in our buying and holding of Victory Bonds, we are helping to ensure its firm foundation.



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Nova Scotia Is Liking Small "L" Liberalism

By D. P. O'HEARN

There is a new attitude in Nova Scotia, Mr. O'Hearn says in this brief survey of the Province. Everywhere there is a spirit of progress.

Politically the Province has a very able government which is giving progressive administration and is receiving general favor from the people.

Halifax.

THE visitor to Nova Scotia today sees a number of encouraging signs and receives the overall impression that this Province, formerly economically depressed and widely misunderstood and therefore resentful, will enter the postwar with happier prospects than it has enjoyed for many, many years.

Most significant is a change of attitude. In seven days only once have I heard mention of the old Maritime grievances, and this came from one of those gentlemen, of whom there are a number throughout the Province, who have been writing letters-to-the-editor on the subject throughout the years and who have become steeped in it to the point of obsession.

What I have heard on every side is the declaration that "Nova Scotia has to do something for itself; we have been too fond of stewing in our troubles". Generally this is the new attitude, and it is not only common thought but it is being put into action. In many directions there is investigation and survey to find out what has been wrong with the economy before and what can be done in the future, and a quantity of new enterprise is already underway in the Province.

Credit for this change is divided. A lot of it goes to private groups, businessmen, professors and civil servants, who long have been preaching the creed that Nova Scotia needed to take a good look at itself. And a lot of it goes to the Government which has not only been giving leadership but itself has been taking direct action.

With regard to the Government, during the past few days I have heard a surprising thing. Three men, all prominent and one of them a lifelong Conservative, at different times have said to me spontaneously and evidently after thought: "Do you know, I think that the present Government is the best that I can remember in Nova Scotia". The coincidence in the remark was somewhat remarkable but, whatever the present Government's merit compared with past regimes may be, there seems no doubt that it is an excellent administration. It might, I think, properly be called small "L" Liberal and in many ways, I believe, it is the most progressive administration we have (excluding Saskatchewan which, it seems, might be classed as more "radical" than "progressive"). Most notably it has shown an initiative which other Nova Scotia governments have lacked.

Some Douglas Parallels

There are even some surprising parallels between the MacMillan program and the Douglas administration's in Saskatchewan. An instance is the field of industrial development where the Government has not only been giving small industry extensive assistance in organization and development but has gone so far as to lend it the capital to get started. The same steps have been followed to an extent in agriculture and fishing. One important difference between Nova Scotia and Saskatchewan, however, is that down here the Government has devoted all its support to the development of individual and private enterprise. It has shown no inclination or desire to get into production itself. In social fields, notably education and health, the administration has advanced with the other provinces, though like them the bulk of its planning can't be gone ahead with until after the war.

The people generally appreciate that they have a good administration. Its standing throughout pretty well the entire Province is high. That it is so is a strong personal tribute to the Premier, Hon. A. Stirling MacMillan. Taking over the leadership when Angus L. Macdonald was called to Ottawa, he had a mixed reception when he entered office. Long the Minister of Highways (he first entered the Government in 1924), he had become independently wealthy through his contracting business and did not enjoy by any means the wide general favor of Mr. Macdonald, who had been a college professor before he took on the party reins and throughout his career had maintained a reputation for high integrity among naturally suspicious Nova Scotians. The feeling toward Mr. MacMillan now, however, is dominantly favorable.

This is readily understood. Mr. MacMillan is an eminently practical man. The type who is more conspicuous for getting things done than for finesse in doing them. He is quite apt to get an engineer out of bed in the middle of the night to tell him where he can save some expense. Or when there is trouble with a highways estimate, he will jump in his car, go to the scene of the trouble, come back and say what the price should be—invariably correctly. Coupled with this he has a long view. He was finally responsible for paving Nova Scotia's roads, after previous governments had spent all their time wondering where they would get the money.

He incurred a big initial debt, but the tourist business boomed. This combination of realism and vision is something that Nova Scotia has needed. Its people are now realizing this and appreciating it.

C.C.F. and Prog.-Cons.

Some weeks ago Ontario C.C.F. leader E. B. Jolliffe paid a visit to Nova Scotia and in a speech to local supporters prophesied that the Party would take from eight to ten seats here in the federal election. The Liberals undoubtedly won't be as strong federally as provincially, it is not possible to judge exactly how strong Mr. Jolliffe's party is in this part of Canada, and many things can happen between now and the next election. But unless the C.C.F. has chanced on some exceedingly potent vote-charms, or unless Mr. Jolliffe has secret means of communication with the about-to-happen, we would say, without further reservations, that he is talking through rose-colored glasses.

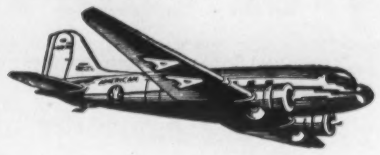
The C.C.F. has been busy with organization; it is well underway in Halifax, it already has three provincial seats on Cape Breton Island, and it is making some headway in the Annapolis Valley. But no one suspects it of sufficient strength for real contention. Certainly many local supporters don't share the Ontario leader's enthusiasm.

The Progressive Conservatives have no illusions. Their party is in one of its lows and they realize it. Eventually it should come back in the Province. It has a nucleus of exceptionally able young men and is maintaining an active organization, and when the political tide turns it should have an experienced and able membership ready to take over. But for the present it doesn't figure to be of major importance so long as the local government continues with its present success. Federally, of course, its prospects are brighter. Conscription is bound to be an issue of some gravity in Nova Scotia. But a great deal of Conservative success will depend on what support Col. Ralston and the other Nova Scotia ministers give to Mr. King.

There has been some talk recently of an early election in the Province. The Government is now on its fourth year in office. There also has been a rumor that Mr. MacMillan, who is now over seventy, won't lead the party to the polls again. With it generally understood that Mr. Macdonald wants to get out of Ottawa it has been said that it is likely that he will return and take over the reins again. It is recognized that if he did he wouldn't figure to have any trouble in being returned in good strength. Those closest to the Navy Minister, however, believe that at the moment he would be most interested in a judgeship. And Mr. MacMillan has given no direct indication that he is thinking of getting out. In fact, directly after he issued a denial of rumours to this effect. He also indicated that he wouldn't be calling an election right away.

Looking at it from the outside it seems unlikely that Mr. MacMillan will give up before an election unless Mr. Macdonald takes over. Although he has a strong cabinet there is no one in it who as yet approaches the Premier in public appeal. And Mr. MacMillan is a very experienced and shrewd politician. He won't hand over if there is any possibility of the Party being endangered.

When he will call an election is uncertain. There was some talk that he would make his appeal after the report of the Dawson Economic Inquiry in the Province was released, but little has been heard of this report recently. The best bet seems to be that if Mr. King holds off for a while (at the time of writing he still has said nothing definite) Mr. MacMillan may slip in under the federal wire. If not he will probably wait till fall. No one here appears to be much concerned. It seems taken for granted that he can go to the polls when he likes and win in a walk.



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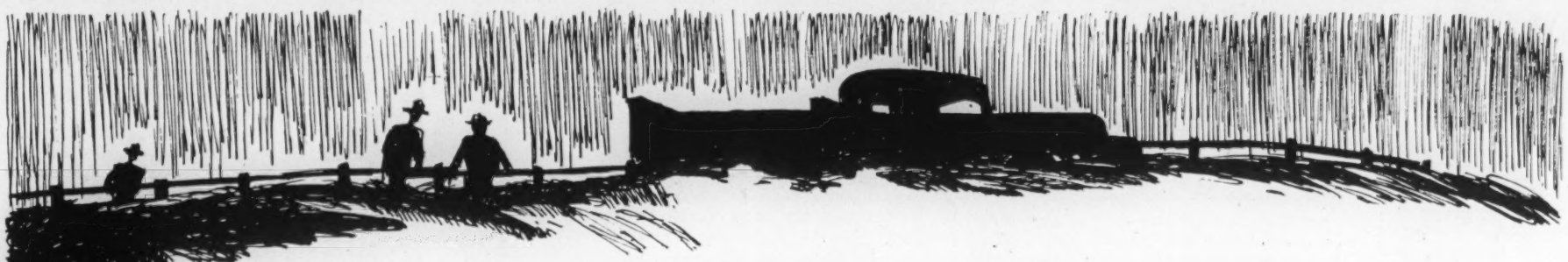

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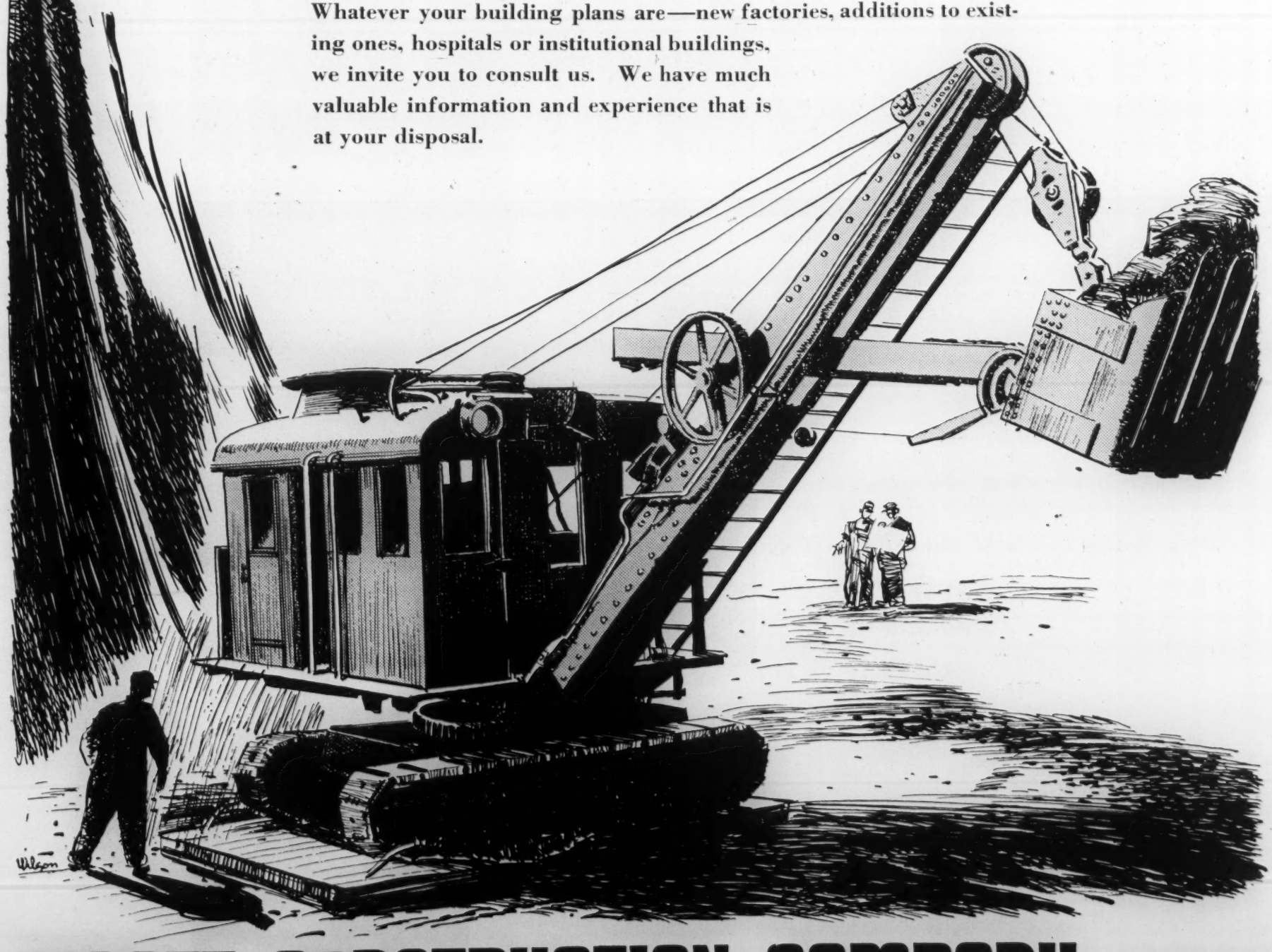

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Pressure-Group Rule Imperils Our Future

By J. HOWSON

There is a demand that the national government abandon the policy of appeasing all sorts of local and special interests, and get the backing of the Canadian people in a genuinely national economic policy including the spending of large amounts of public funds in "increasing the productivity of our resources and of our people". The provincial governments should co-operate with the Dominion for this purpose on the lines of the Rowell-Sirois Report.

The author of this article is a member of a large firm of auditors and accountants in Toronto, and has an intimate knowledge of present trends in the business world.

THERE is prevalent throughout the world a spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction with things as they are and a determination that something is going to be done about it.

In our own country the phenomenal growth and influence of the C.C.F. party in the last few years is an outstanding example. One of these days we may admit that we owe that party a real debt of gratitude for forcing us to face the fact that this feeling of dissatisfaction and unrest is widespread and growing. It demands our deep and earnest consideration, for we are not going to be permitted to ignore it.

By and large, I believe the majority of our citizens want to maintain our democratic system of so called "Free enterprise." Business has no monopoly on that term. Actually the term is a misnomer. Under a democracy there never has been free enterprise. Every citizen and every business and professional activity has been subject to rules and regulations at all times. Just because a lot of additional controls have been imposed upon us during wartime, some of us have got the idea that we are losing our inalienable rights.

We might as well recognize that times have changed, and that the state, as guarantor of the people's rights, is being forced into taking a more active part in the economic well-being of its citizens. The trouble is that in good times we want no state interference, but when things go to pot (as in the 'thirties) we demand government intervention.

The Few Have Exploited

Actually in the past, government intervention has largely been controlled by, and utilized for the benefit of, the few, and through tariffs, land grants, water power and timber concessions, the citizens of this country and their heritage have been consistently exploited.

Fortunately an aroused public opinion has checked this sort of thing, and our governments are beginning to realize their true responsibility as trustees for the people in this respect. They are showing a decided susceptibility to public opinion. But because that public opinion is still divided, with each group demanding special consideration, we are experiencing an era of "appeasement." There is no doubt in my mind that the "voice" of the people is becoming more articulate and growing in influence constantly. Unfortunately, it speaks many tongues which are governed altogether too much by social, occupational and sectional considerations.

Consequently, we have in addition to the perpetual policy of appeasement in dealing with Quebec, the same policy in dealing with Labor, Agriculture and the social demands of the people. The latter has taken the form of unemployment insurance and benefits, health insurance, baby bonuses, etc., all of which are excellent in themselves, but until we insist on an overall plan being worked out that will make them effective, and permanent, we are somewhat skeptical of their bonafides.

Now what are we going to do about it?

First and foremost we have to rehabilitate the good old ship "Free Enterprise" in the minds of the people. She has sailed the economic seas for a long time. She has collected a lot of barnacles and other impedimenta on her hull. Her instruments of navigation are obsolete. She has had some narrow escapes from disaster. She has to go into dry dock and be scraped clean. She has to be tightened up and the rotten planks removed, and then she has to be equipped with modern instruments of navigation which will keep her within those safe lanes of navigation chartered on the basis of the welfare of the country as a whole.

Then we've got to sell her to the public. We have got to re-establish faith and confidence in her seaworthiness, her safety and her efficiency.

Her captain must be skilful, courageous and careful, and he must know that the charts supplied him will keep him off the shoals of danger and disaster and enable him to reach his destination safely.

I believe this is what the British hope to accomplish under the plan outlined in their White Paper. In other words, it is a plan for the free expression of private enterprise under a chart which provides freedom of individual action, governmental support and co-operation, but insists on responsibility to the community being constantly observed.

Simple Method Provided

To enable us to re-establish "Free Enterprise" on a sound basis in this country, we need a much broader measure of Federal authority. In the Rowell-Sirois report a very simple method was outlined for accomplishing this and it is up to us to insist that our provincial governments cooperate in bringing it about.

Federal legislation has already been enacted providing for: (1) A measure of Social Security and unemployment relief. (2) The regulation of Employer-Employee relations. (3) Ministry of Reconstruction and Planning. (4) Industrial Development Bank and Export Financing. (5) Rehabilitation of returned men.

On the international front a sincere effort is being made to re-establish world security and to place international relationships on a sound economic and financial basis.

This is all very encouraging, but, if we want to make these measures successful and participate in the benefits arising therefrom, we must insist on such a measure of internal co-operation as will enable the Federal government to deal with national and international problems in the interest of the country as a whole.

Having established a basis of governmental co-operation, how can government assist "Free Enterprise"?

Besides such co-operative measures as outlined in the White Paper, for maintaining an even measure of employment, the manipulation of taxes and rates and the control of capital expenditures, there are many constructive projects for the public benefit that can be undertaken by Government under what Professor Hansen of Harvard University calls "Economic Expansionism." He was referring to the tremendous power development in the Tennessee Valley which no private enterprise could have or would have established but which has profoundly influenced the economy of some seven adjacent States.

In Ontario, the Hydro-Electric development is in this category; its efficient operation and broad expansion has been highly beneficial to every section of the Province.

Another example of this type of project, being carried out under the joint co-operation of federal, provincial and local authority, is the scheme for the reclamation and rejuvenation of the basin running down into Port Hope, Ont., thereby reestablishing it as a productive area. There are any number of similar projects all over Canada which can be undertaken, all of which will be a permanent boon to private enterprise in the localities affected.

Logical Projects

Then there are such projects as the reclamation of our forest lands and the maintenance and protection of our remaining timber resources through a comprehensive and scientific reforestation plan; the protection and development of our fisheries; the establishment of scientific research and geological surveys on a broad scale for the benefit of industry, mining, agriculture, and for the intelligent development and use of our natural resources.

Enlightened private enterprise is doing some of these very things and finding it profitable in the limited field in which they have been instituted. Such things undertaken by government do not restrict private enterprise;—on the contrary its opportunities are enlarged.

Whenever the expenditure of public funds increases the productivity of our resources and of our people, thereby improving the standard of living and increasing the national income, whether or not it increases the national debt, such expenditure is sound economics.

If this conclusion is admitted, then surely there can be no question about the justification for the state investing public funds in the protection and development of the productive capacity of the biggest and most valuable asset of any state—its citizens.

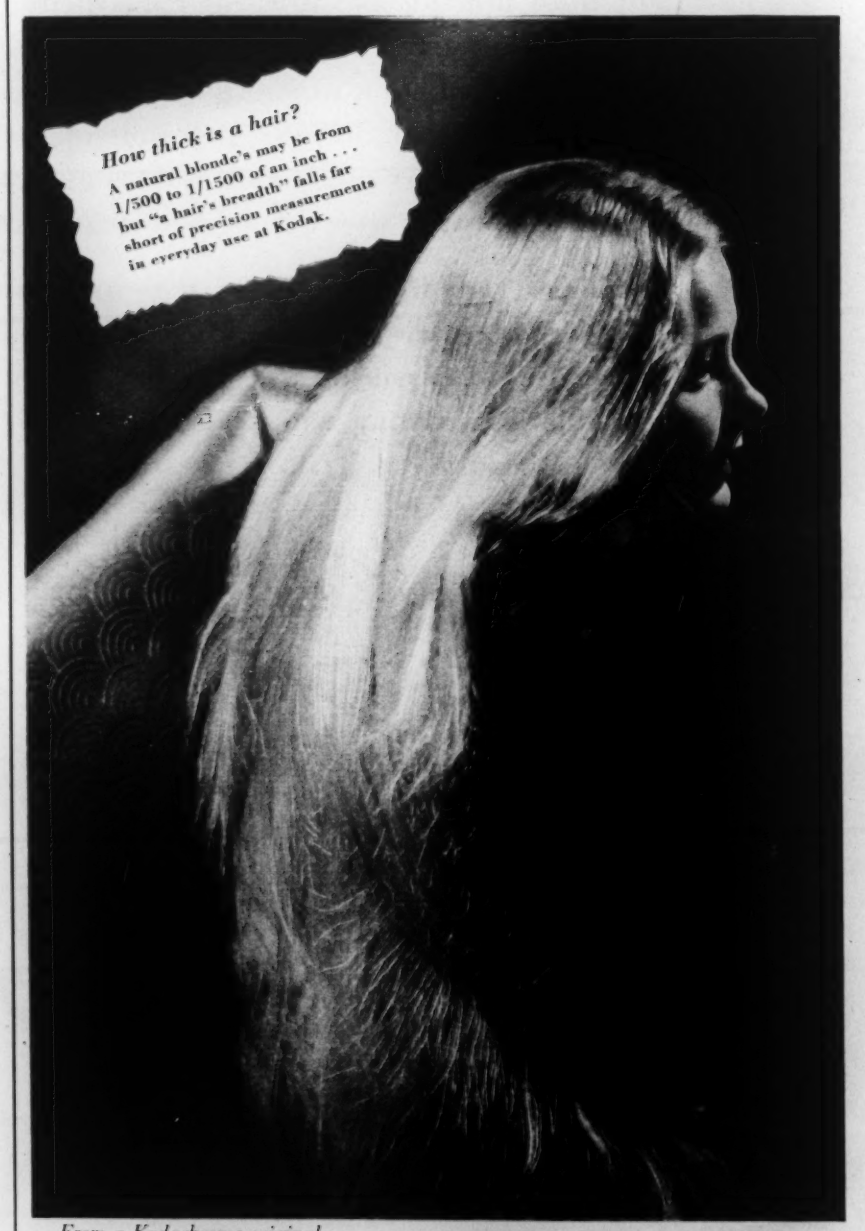
Illiteracy goes hand in hand with a low standard of living and health. Then one of the first jobs for Government to undertake is the overhauling of our educational system.

In Ontario we point with pride to our accomplishments in this respect. Actually we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. Outside of the big cities the teaching profession is the poorest paid of any. We are still dealing with our educational requirements in the rural districts in the same manner as in the horse-and-buggy days.

The health of the community is just as important, and requires the co-operation of governments and the spending of public funds. The cost in public funds of caring for the sick is enormous. The loss in productive capacity is almost incalculable. Is it not good business to invest public funds in a project that will eradicate a substantial portion of this loss by raising the general level of health in our communities? And a word about our methods of handling the liquor problem. Decidedly it is a health factor as well as an economic one. Our governments are supposed to have a very definite responsibility for its control. What is the situation? Instead of being an incidental source of revenue, it has been deliberately developed into a primary source of revenue.

These are some of the things the people want. They also want steady employment and a reasonable degree of security to enjoy the good things of life. That surely does not put them in the class of Socialists or Communists. Unfortunately, the Socialists and Communists promise them benefits far beyond what is practieal. In their confused thinking and because of a feeling of frustration, many grasp at such promises—far away fields are always greenest. That is why "Free Enterprise" has to be resold to them. That is why Government has to take its proper share of responsibility and leadership.

And that is why every element in the capitalistic system if it is to survive must be prepared to co-operate.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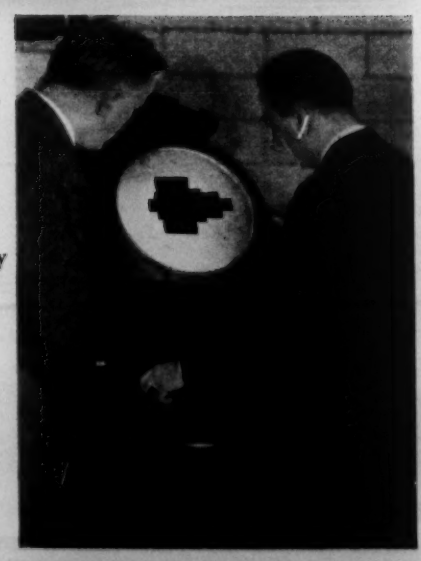

Food Is Main Interest of Prisoners of War

By STAFF SERGEANT

Food parcels are not just parcels to prisoners of war; they are the gift of life itself, says the writer, a repatriated prisoner who was formerly a newspaperman. If a man gets one parcel a fortnight he is all right. If he gets one a week he is reasonably well fed. There always is the decision whether to eat the food right away or to hoard it for a more lean time.

MY friend Harry May, as he faces his third year behind barbed wire, probably exclaims in the well worn P.O.W. jargon, "Well, blow me down!" It is a bitter disappointment to our P.O.W.'s in Germany that the war still goes on. Harry who is 26, is as balanced and cheerful a prisoner as you could find anywhere. Even he admits in his letter to "fallen hopes."

The main query now in the camps, he says, is an old one—"Parcels?"

In an Italian monastery, a prison camp for desert captures, Harry and I and 488 others dreamed of Red Cross food parcels for three months.

When the dream one morning changed to a reality and parcels packed in Toronto, Vancouver and Halifax were brought into the cloisters, they were not just parcels, they were the gift of life itself — for by that time our strength was dissolved in hunger, and most of us had to rest five times on each journey up the curving baroque stone staircase to bed.

There are Canadians behind the German fronts who tonight, tomorrow night and every night till victory will dream of Red Cross parcels.

Do not mistake me, relatives of prisoners. Your men are not dying of hunger.

Can Live on Rations

When I was in Germany the rations were unappetising, but you could live on them. The Italians, more friendly perhaps to their P.O.W.'s, were also more liable to forget to feed them.

As long as he gets one parcel per fortnight, your P.O.W. is all right. If he gets the standard rate of one parcel per week he is reasonably fed.

When the prisoner draws his parcel he usually has the option of taking the whole thing for immediate consumption (a German guard stands beside the issuing table and jabs a hole in every tin with his bayonet, so that the contents cannot be saved for "illegal purposes") or of putting any tins he wants to save into a store run by the British.

The average prisoner has little control over his appetite. But in summer he always tries to put a few tins away in the store for winter is the P.O.W.'s most dreaded enemy. He has not your defences of color and heating and happiness against the cold and the dark and the slush.

In winter he uses some of his hoarded tins to cheer himself up, to give himself some calories (they talk a lot about calories), and to keep his circulation going.

Enemy No. 2 is uncertainty, in the shape of world events. World events can stop the flow of parcels. So the sensible P.O.W. hoards tins against this enemy, too.

Now our P.O.W.'s in Germany are fighting the prisoner's passive war for existence on two fronts. They have winter and the other bogey to face at the same time.

They like our air raids, even when they are directly affected themselves. I know from experience that the Allied P.O.W.'s biggest thrill is to see the raiders and their bombs.

But the P.O.W. cannot have it both ways. Germany's railways are pounded. Trainloads of parcels (one truckload will keep a camp of 500 P.O.W.'s going for a few weeks) have been returned to Geneva by Germany as "undeliverable owing to restrictions caused by military requirements."

And the growing food shortages in the Reich, shortages apparent even a year ago, may increase pilfering of Red Cross food in transit.

Germans Stole Food

The Wehrmacht on the whole behaves remarkably correctly to its prisoners (the English-speaking ones, anyway). But the German soldier is no saint, and he is usually hungry. When Kesselring's armies went in to bolster collapsing Italy they lived on stolen British Red Cross food for nearly a month. So P.O.W.'s are hoarding now.

But on certain days, mainly holidays, they will "ping" (that is a P.O.W. word for giving way to appetite and swallowing the entire contents of a tin or even a parcel at one sitting). Another word we used for this was "glug." Most popular ping or glug is a tin of condensed milk. It is sweet. Highlights of the parcels are always the sweet things.

There is another side to the P.O.W.'s appetite. He always wants "bulk." Satisfaction of hunger does not satisfy him, he wants also a bursting feeling under his belt.

So, apart from the sweet things, the most popular things in the parcel are the oatmeal (for porridge, best bulk of all), the butter or margarine, the sausages, and the bacon. The last two are kept for special treats.

They do some baking, too. By grinding down the white biscuits from the Canadian parcels, the P.O.W. can make flour. Mixing this with pancake mixture, powdered eggs (a highly prized commodity), margarine, sugar and raisins, the P.O.W. makes his cake. It can be baked sometimes in the cookhouse provided by the enemy, sometimes in home-made ovens.

Invitations for celebrations are issued in the prison camps. Most P.O.W.'s celebrate their birthdays and anniversaries with tea parties, dinner parties or cocktail parties, if drink can be found. Around Christmas and the New Year there is always a crop of parties.

Discomforts of winter weather are all in the day's routine for our troops fighting in Belgium, but this tank recovery unit manages to keep warm by taking time out to gather about this impromptu fire.

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THE HITLER WAR

Momentous Decisions Required; Facts on Our Tank Inferiority

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

THIS month of February 1945 should be among the most momentous of the war. It has already placed the Red Army before the gates of Berlin; and the Germans have not shown the strength in slowing down the Soviet advance as it approached the Oder barrier, or of threatening it on the flanks, or even in preventing the seizure of bridgeheads directly before Berlin, to indicate that they can hold on this front until the thaws, now about a month away.

The month should also, according to all indications, see a general resumption of Eisenhower's offensive in the west. Already he has smashed the nagging German effort in Southern Alsace, below Strasbourg. He has forced on the enemy a costly retreat from the Ardennes bulge, and the First and Third American Armies, now placed down and up the front respectively from their former dispositions, are following the still retreating Reichswehr through the Siegfried Line.

The American Ninth Army, shifted down to take over the First Army positions in the Aachen bulge, and the British Second Army, which has apparently taken over part of the Ninth Army's former front, are reported ready for a full offensive. The Canadian-British-Polish First Army, to the north, now is spread over quite a long front. But if we are to attack and dominate the situation, it may be able to risk concentration of a fair part of its strength, perhaps in the Nijmegen sector.

Eisenhower's Armies

It is also possible that Eisenhower may have a new army ready to throw into the critical sector, before the lower Rhine and Ruhr. If not, then the law of concentration of force would probably dictate the reinforcing of the British Second and American Ninth with extra divisions; for their push should be the decisive one.

An interesting note, too, is the announcement by the American authorities that they have a new M-1 heavy assault tank in the field, though they still profess to be well satisfied with the Sherman, outgunned and outweighed as it is by the German heavies. In numbers at least, we may expect to have tank superiority of perhaps three to one, since the Germans are said to have diverted their Sixth Panzer Army in great haste from the Ardennes front to Silesia.

There has been a long battle carried on by certain American front reporters, by military commentators like Hanson Baldwin of the *New York Times*, and by the service paper *Army and Navy Journal*, to force recognition by the American authorities of the need for a much-improved tank model over the Sherman.

Harry Volk, a reporter with the U.S. Second Armored Division wrote this account of a fight in the Ardennes a month ago: "Our tank losses were heavy, as the Shermans were unable to engage the German Panthers and Tigers frontally with effect. The Panthers and Tigers, ranging from 56 to 72 tons, and mounting super-velocity 88 mm. guns, had to be destroyed by shots in the tail, flanks or tracks, or lured into range of our new M-36 tank destroyers."

Shells Bounce Off Tigers

"The six-inch armor plates on the sloping fronts of the German tanks deflected armor-piercing shells from our Shermans at normal ranges. A Sherman gunner Sgt. Fritzman, knocked out four Mark IV's (once the standard German model, about the size of the Sherman) and a self-propelled gun, but couldn't chalk up a single Tiger or Panther, although he bounced shells off half a dozen."

Baldwin also quotes Jack Bell, of the *Chicago Daily News*: "The stories of these tank battles are sheer tragedy. The American crews, drilled to believe that the first to get his shot home is the victor saw six or eight of their shells bounce off the enemy armor. Then they would see a Jerry 88 get the range and pierce a Sherman with one shot. The Sherman is faster and more maneuverable than the Tiger in theory only. In mud, the usual condition here on the Roer River front, it will sink half a foot deeper than the Tiger. Tigers moved across while Shermans were mired, despite the fact that the Tiger is 70 tons, the Sherman half that weight."

Finally, there is the analysis of an American colonel at the front, printed in the *Army and Navy Journal*, in December. "There are several features of the German Tiger and Panther which should be studied seriously, and I believe, incorporated in our own armor. Namely:

(1) The low silhouette, less visible than ours.

(2) The vehicle commander's cupola and vision slits, far superior to ours.

(3) The frontal glacis plate, which is thicker and set at a better angle than our own.

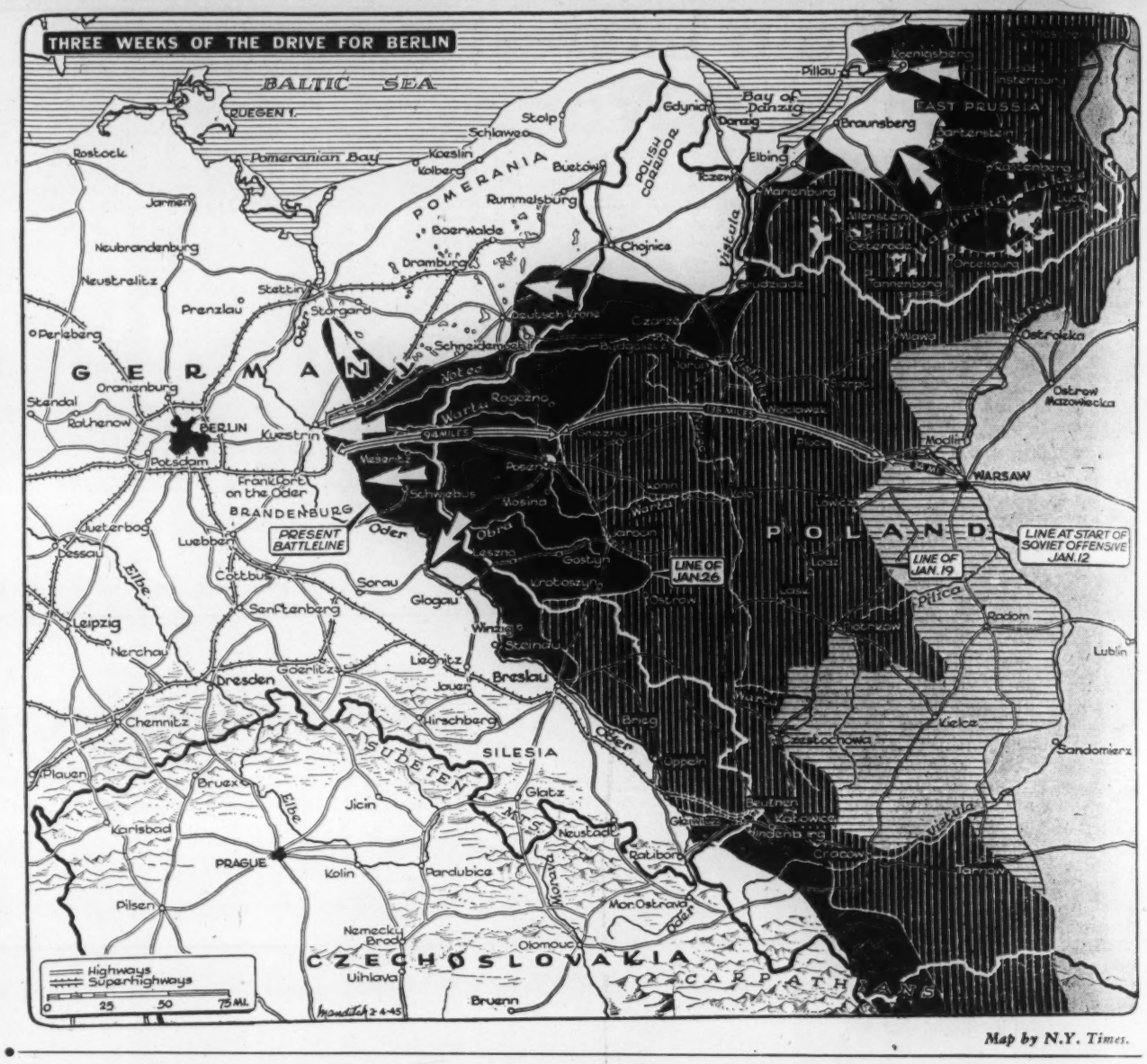
(4) The track locking device, with which a German tank can spin itself about on one track, which our vehicles cannot think of doing.

(5) The German 88 mm. gun, whose high velocity and flat trajectory made it a superior weapon to anything we had until our 90 mm. tank destroyers entered the field.

(6) Wider tracks, which give far better flotation.

(7) Better ammunition storage.

No claims are being made that the new American M-1 heavy tank will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fulfil all these requirements, and it may be that the war can be finished, just as the sweep across France was accomplished, by superior numbers of qualitatively inferior tanks. But, as these writers make clear, the Americans are not going to be satisfied to leave their armies equipped with a markedly inferior tank. The Soviets, for their part, have just introduced a tank, the Joseph Stalin, which the Germans admit to be superior to the Royal Tiger and which Hanson Baldwin says mounts a 122 mm. gun.

Combined operations on the eastern and western fronts are in sight which might just possibly give us clean breaks-through, with the conquest of Berlin and the Ruhr, and a link-up across the North German plain, before the end of winter.

German Inner Fortress

The Germans may, as many experts believe, have taken this into account, and intend to fold back their northern flanks on both fronts and retire into Southern Germany to stand there, and in the Austrian Tirol and in Bohemia. But their armaments resources would be so shrunken that from this purely technical standpoint alone the length of resistance of a large army would have a definite term set to it.

And there is beyond that the incalculable psychological factor, of whether the mass of the German Army will have the will to continue the fight with a large part of the Fatherland overrun, and the remainder being steadily devastated. However this may be, it seems likely that the SS divisions will have the fanaticism to stage a "death and glory" stand in the Bavarian Alps and Austrian Tirol, to which region German Foreign Office records and government headquarters are reported being evacuated.

Whatever the Big Three Conference brings forth, it is not likely to broadcast any proposal as lenient as Wilson's 14 Points, which might suddenly undermine German resistance. The profitable time to do this has long since passed. And Stalin, who stood for no drastic weakening of Germany in his famous speech of November 1942, during the siege of Moscow, is now the leading proponent of a harsh paring down of that country; while Roosevelt is reported to favor stern measures of industrial disarmament.

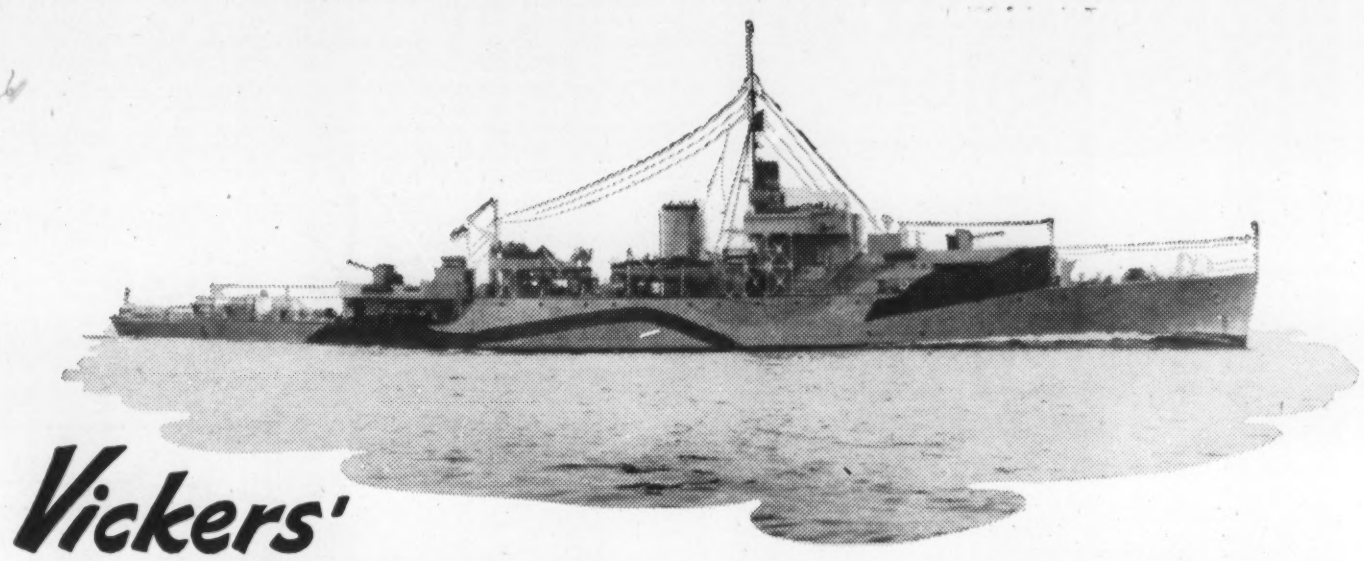
Certainly this question of what to do with Germany, how and under what Allied authority to occupy and administer it, what group of Germans to deal with, and what measures of territorial and industrial stripping to carry out, must stand at the top of the Big Three agenda.

More Unilateral Action

The present confused situation, in which the Soviets are persistently reported to be intending to move into Berlin their League of German Generals and Free German Committee; the Lublin Committee, certainly with Soviet support, has announced that it is taking over immediately the civil administration of East Prussia and Silesia; and the French Government declares flatly that it will station its troops along the whole length of the Rhine and not be bound by any decisions made by the Big Three without consultation with it; must be cleared up by a comprehensive and agreed solution emanating from the present conference.

Such a serious and potentially dangerous procedure as the slicing off of large chunks of German territory is not to be carried out by disconnected, unilateral action, nor according only to Moscow's conception. It will only be safe if it is achieved by solid agreement, and guaranteed by continuing Big Three unity, and by an impressive world peace organization.

No less than this must come from the conference if it is to be a real success. Anything less will represent failure and ensure subsequent rivalry, no matter what diplomatic dressing is applied to the final communiqué.



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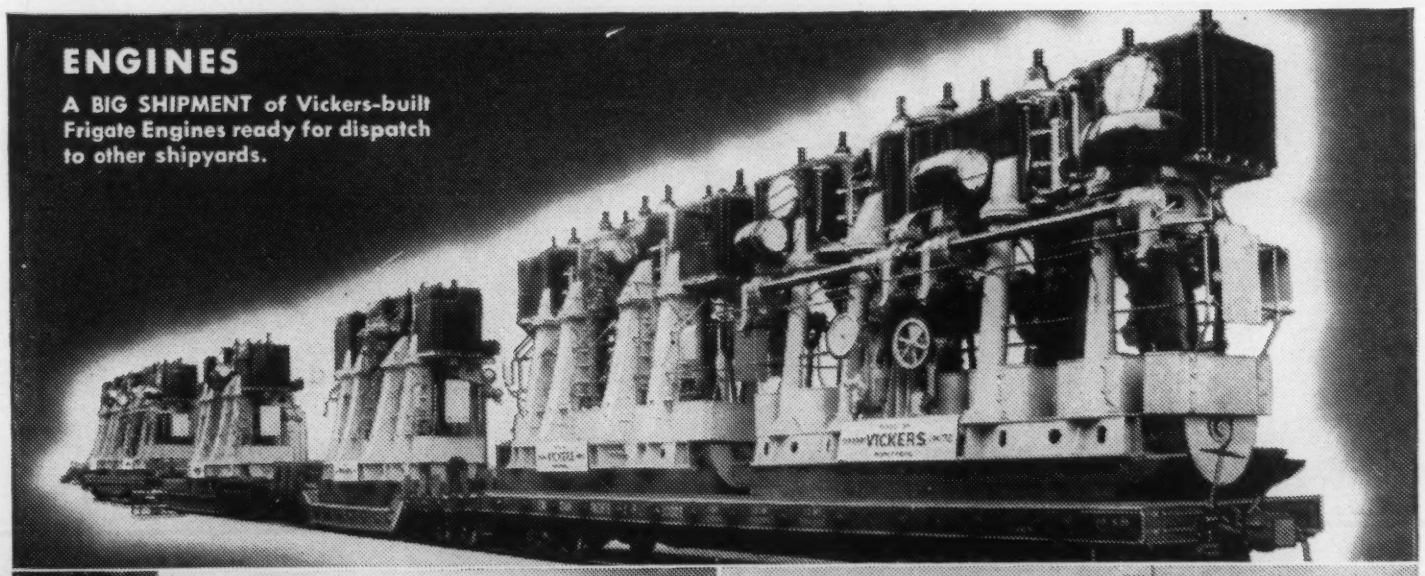

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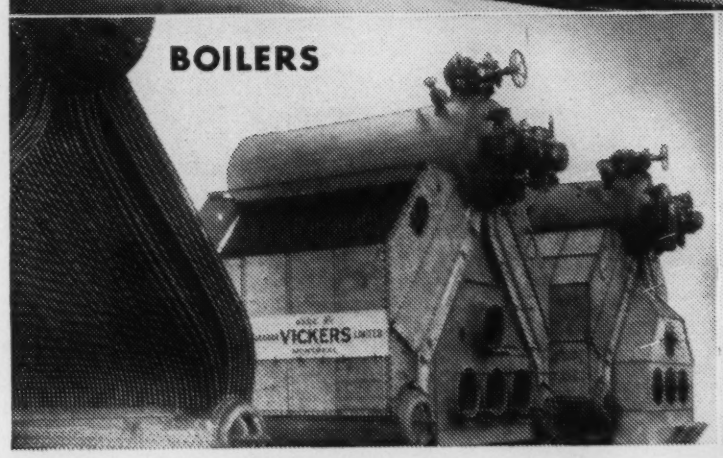

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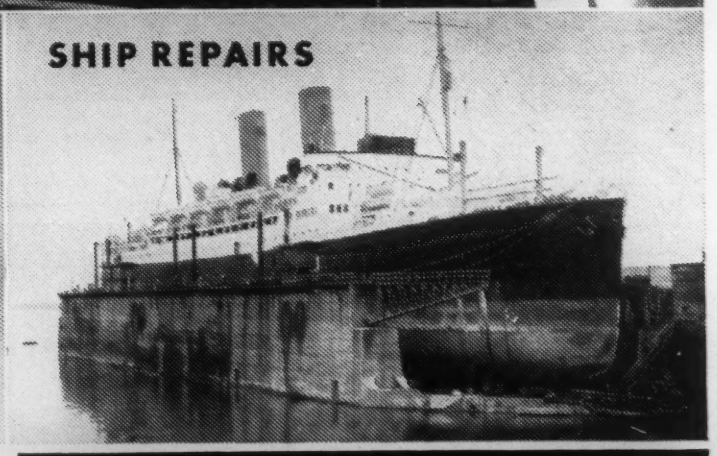

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Meet the Naval Artist Who Paints Sailors

By SUB.-LIEUT. FLORENCE E. WHYARD, W.R.C.N.S.

Lieutenant Grant Macdonald, R.C.N.V.R., who draws and paints those striking portrait studies of the men and women in Canada's fighting Navy, already before the war had an international reputation as an illustrator for both American and English magazines. But he admits to liking his portraits of sailors best of all, first because of the men themselves, and secondly, from an artist's point of view, because their uniforms have such dash they're a delight to draw.

This character sketch reveals the man behind the phrase "Portrait by Lieut. Grant Macdonald, R.C.N.V.R."

LIEUTENANT GRANT (for Principal Grant of Queen's University) Kenneth Macdonald, R.C.N.V.R. is known to nearly 90,000 wearers of navy blue uniforms as an artist who can capture people and ships in a space of minutes. To the rest of Canada he is known as "that Naval artist whose pencil drawings are so very good" and they usually add: "Have you seen his latest group of sailors?"

Before this war began, he was known to theatrical circles in New York and London, England, for his clever portraits of leading stage personalities. For ten years he commuted across the Atlantic, illustrating for the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Sketch*, the *Bystander*, *Play Pictorial*, and in New York, the *Herald-Tribune*, *Theatre Arts*, and other dramatic publications.

It's hard to say just where he'll go from here. He'd like to get back to colors again; he'd like to get back to New York and England. But if Canada is wise, he'll stay at home and paint for her.

Son of Minister

The slight, warm-eyed young Lieutenant is the son of the Reverend K. J. and Mrs. Macdonald, of Kingston—one of the Maritime tribe with the small "d". Remember that—it comes up later. Born in Montreal, young Grant lived in Galt, Ontario, for some time while his father was minister there, and was back again this year sketching Wrens at the W.R.C.N.S. training establishment, H.M.C.S. Conestoga. He found people who still remembered his father as one of the friendliest ministers ever to live in that city—it didn't matter if they were members of his church or not; he knew and liked everyone.

"Father never brought the church home with him" his son remembers gratefully. "We were never preached at or used as examples to the congregation. My sister and I appreciated that more than anything."

Macdonald senior is a remarkable man still. Grant speaks glowingly of his skill in his workshop, where any household gadgets or pieces of furniture are turned out in professional style. Photographic darkrooms and laboratories were always part of the Macdonald household. Lieutenant Macdonald has done dozens of portraits of his father and is still fascinated by this favorite subject.

While the family was still living in Galt, Grant was rapidly giving a good imitation of the school dunce, and using pages of his textbooks mainly for drawings. The family didn't mind so much, but his teachers took a dim view. So after certain disastrous exam results, he became an undercover man; his drawings continued but they were done clandestinely. As a boy in his teens, he learned a great deal from an artist who lived near Galt, the late Carl Ahrens. Though Ahrens was an invalid even then, the young Macdonald learned more about painting technique from him than anyone since, and still considers his first teacher one of Canada's finest, though little appreciated, artists.

Still in his teens, Grant worked for a Toronto newspaper for a time; spending the working day on routine art work and his evenings on the sketches and portraits he wanted to do. Then he went to Europe, and on the Continent he revelled in the new types of faces he found in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Austria and Sweden.

Back in New York, he became interested in color and studied with Robert Brackman because of his knowledge and handling of colors. He studied anatomy several seasons with George B. Bridgman at the Art Students' League in New York, and painting with Ivan Olinski.

Trans-Atlantic Commuter

Then his ten years of trans-Atlantic commuting began. Most of the time he was in England, but every winter he spent three months in New York, catching the "season" on both sides. It is impossible to do justice to this period of his work without exhibiting the hundreds of portraits of famous people which were produced during that time. It is a collection which will be of increasing interest throughout the years, and makes a fine one-man show which would do any gallery proud. It is an interesting display for another reason—it reveals the changes in style and attack of a portrait artist whose work covers a period of ten years.

Lieutenant Grant Macdonald, R.C.N.V.R.
Photo by Jacques Paradis, Montreal.

Some are pencil; some are pen and ink; some are oils; some are water colors; some are charcoal; some are orthodox treatment of orthodox faces and beside them are found most unusual versions of unusual people. The one immediate impression of the onlooker is that it would be impossible for one man to handle so many varied treatments; a casual observer would state quite confidently that the portraits were the work of at least a half dozen different artists. That's Grant Macdonald.

Portrait of Thomas Wolfe

From a studio in Bloomsbury to a country home at Radlett, then back to a London studio in Hampstead near the Heath, doing portraits of celebrities all the time—that's a summary of his years in England. They were not only celebrities of stage and screen, but of political and public life as well. How did he approach them? First of all he "sold" the idea of a sketch to a publication interested in the notable; then he approached the notable and pointed out that the magazine or newspaper would print a portrait of him if he did one. That usually clinched it.

Only occasionally did the young Canadian find the near-great to be "difficult", never the really great. They always managed to find time to sit to him, and the near-great always called him back sooner or later and found that, after all, they could manage to squeeze him into their busy lives. Other portraits just happened, as for example, his picture of Thomas Wolfe.

Macdonald was crossing back to England one spring and fell in with an agreeable shipboard companion who volunteered the information

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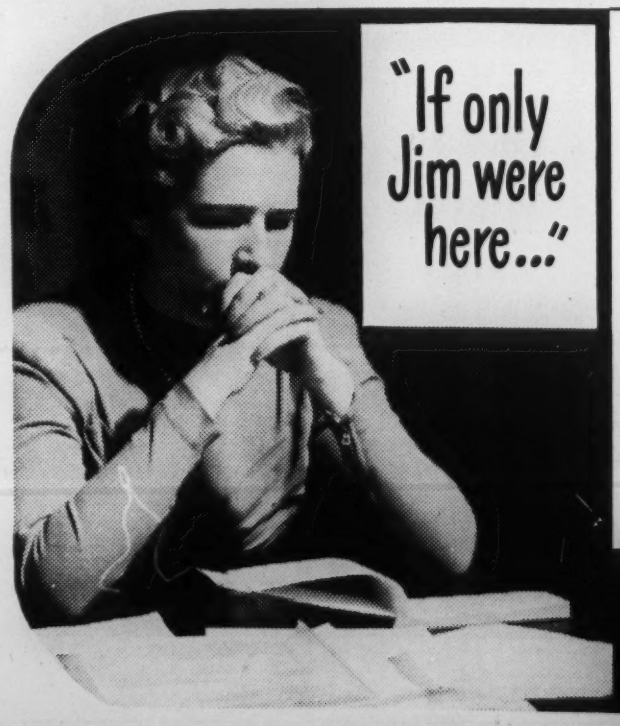

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that he wrote, when Grant said he was an artist. And it wasn't for several days that he realized his companion was the man whose first novel was then being acclaimed on all sides. They exchanged addresses, made the usual promises to look each other up and Macdonald forgot it. Several months later, however, Wolfe did come to his studio, having finished his second book, and died shortly after Grant had done his portrait. Memories of a party which the intense author had for his friends in a magnificent apartment, totally unfurnished, are still vivid.

His stories of his little Cockney landlady, "Mrs. Chicken", are delightful, and it is apparent that here is an artist who should be writing for his own illustrations!

During the greater part of his stay in England, the *Daily Telegraph* in its "London Day by Day" column used his portraits, and this type of work is being reproduced in Canada now through his Saturday sketches in the Montreal *Gazette*. Before he enlisted in the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve in 1943, Grant did Canadians of every walk of life for this feature, and his series of personnel from the three services is still remembered for its excellence. It was later published as a collection by itself.

Railroad men will remember his series of sketches of them, too, from conductor to engineer to switchman; each one a remarkably keen interpretation of the character-lined faces he met.

Small "D"

Macdonald spent a harrowing hour during his medical examination for the Canadian Navy, when he was admitted to the presence of a senior examining medical officer, who looked up gravely from the reports and test papers to say "I see you have a small 'd'."

"Good Heavens", thought Grant, "that must be one of those tests like Pulhems or something. Maybe it will keep me out!"

"Where do you live?" enquired the doctor.

"Well, I travel a good deal," Grant answered, miserable in the thought that he could have picked up this mysterious ailment in any number of places.

"Where are your parents from?" pursued the M.O. and Grant decided it must be hereditary, whatever it was. "They're from the Maritimes," he contributed.

"Is that so?" beamed the M.O. "So are mine and I have a small 'd' too." Turned out his name was Macdonald too, and Grant was in the Navy!

Although Grant Macdonald will tell you his career has been one of "reflected glory" because of the people he has portrayed, the shoe is on the other foot this time—he is bringing some of that glory to Naval ratings and the entire Service. He admits to liking his portraits of sailors best of all, because of the men themselves, mainly, and secondly, from an artist's point of view, because of their uniforms. They have such dash, the lines are good from the cap, which is perfect in its functional design, to the bell bottoms, with their lovely flare.

"That cap, stuck up forward exposing the bump of the head at the back, is at the same time so innocent and insolent, it's a delight to draw," he says. And he puts that feeling into his black and white sketches of the Royal Canadian Navy's men, at work in ships, or off-duty ashore.

By now, Lieutenant Macdonald has drawn nearly every type of rating and dozens of naval officers. He's been sketching men in submarines, minesweepers, corvettes, trawlers, destroyers, yachts, and Wrens at Galt and at work in various naval establishments.

Tremendously Popular

His portraits of senior officers are coveted almost openly in the gold braid departments but they couldn't be any more popular than are portraits of ratings among the sailors and Wrens. They all write and ask for reprints, and the *Gazette* has had orders for as many as 400 copies of a picture from the crew of one Canadian ship!

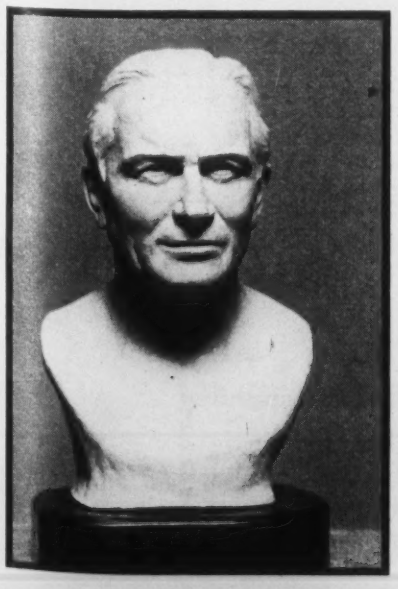
Never a week passes without the mail bringing one of his Royal Canadian Navy pictures with a request for an autograph, and this naval artist confesses to a warm flattered feeling when he gets that kind of mail. He must have had similar feelings, only more so, when the Philadelphia Museum of Fine Arts purchased the original of a *Gazette* reproduction—portrait of a sailor. They declared it a good example of its kind and bought it to illustrate that type of drawing.

Canadian high school students are familiar with his illustrations for "Shakespeare For Young Players" by Robertson Davies; his intimacy with the theatre came in very handily there for accuracy of costume details and period styles.

Recently, he did illustrations for a forthcoming book by Miss Eva-Lis Wuorio, of Toronto, called "Return of the Viking", a Canadian-Scandinavian novel, and the authoress considered them so good she is holding up publishing contracts to make sure that the illustrations are kept intact.

Meanwhile, he goes quietly about, sometimes in Ottawa at his office in the Directorate of Special Services; sometimes at operational bases on the east or west coasts; sometimes in ships; sometimes at training establishments—but always interested in faces of the men and women in Canada's fighting Navy. That's the man behind the phrase "Portrait by Lieut. Grant Macdonald, R.C.N.V.R."

To that should be added: "With small 'd'." And large interest in people.



To honor Edward Johnson, distinguished Canadian-born general manager of the Metropolitan Opera Association of New York, this bust, the work of Ruby Harkness Hamilton, was recently unveiled in the presence of the Canadian Consul General in New York, the Hon. Hugh Scully and Mrs. Scully.

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Diocletian Tried It A Long, Long Time Ago

By W. P. TUTTLE

More pay for less work! Jobs for all! Social security! All by merely passing the right laws, by having the Government take over the operation of the whole economy! The totalitarian state. Why not?

After hearing the party Leader tell all about the new system, a gas-station operator is surprised to learn that it is not so new, that it had been attempted by various experimenters before the Roman Emperor Diocletian tried it with disastrous results nearly two thousand years ago. "Diocletian? Ain't learning a great thing!"

BOY! Learning is certainly a great thing! Here I go to a meeting and the Guy tells me if I'll vote for him, he personally will do more for me than anyone ever did before. Says that the fellows who make the goods we buy, and the wholesalers and the men who run the retail stores are all of 'em—every mother's son—gypping me. He's going to take them over, and he himself will see to it that they will charge me less—not only that, but he's not going to let 'em make me work so long—will get me less hours of work—and in addition will get me more wages, and when I get too old to work will see that I get a good pension, so I won't have to worry about money. Says that worry about enough money is bad for me. Well, I thinks to myself, if I pay less, and get more and have more time for just a'sittin' still, say I'll just be sittin' pretty. I'm for him and he'll get my vote, says I.

But when I got home and was thinking about what a grand fellow he was, and how he'd get my vote . . . funny thing, I says to myself, funny thing that no one ever thought of this big scheme before. Funny, if he is the first man to plan this—why didn't some other guy get hep to this years ago? And I got kind'a uneasy in my mind about it. After all, it's a great proposition, but suppos'n he's mistaken, and it doesn't work. Then where'd we all be? He might be well-meanin' but ignorant. Then the whole thing'ud bust up, and I'd be worse off'n I am now. I'm leary about new-tangled notions, unless I know for sure that they're the McCoy.

All of a sudden I remember about Professor James A. Flanigan—fix his car up for him and stoke him up with gas and oil—see him often. I'll ask the Professor, I says to myself, the next time he runs in here. He'll know all about this thing. Be sure you're right, I says, then hop to it. My motto!

The Professor Knows

Well, sure enough if the Old Bird himself didn't drop in that very afternoon. Wanted gas and water. I wondered how I could start asking him about this guy and his promises without disturbing him. For his forehead was all wrinkled up and his mustache handle bars were twitchin' as though he sure had something on his mind that was worryin' him. His eyes were looking at something far away that I couldn't see. Don't know how I did it, but anyhow I started off about hearing the guy last night, and then I spilled the whole story, promises and all, and how I was stumped because nobody had thought of this before. The Professor had been looking at me with some interest, but when I got to that last part, about the fellow havin' invented the plan and ought to get my vote, why, he took a deep breath and just shouted out —"Never *tried* before?—You *bet* it was tried before". Then he shut up, but kept on puffing and snorting.

Gosh! I thought. I've sure hurt the old man. I'd better shut up. But curiosity got the better of me so I started again. When was it tried out? And who tried it? He came back with a start and said Oh about 380 A.D. Holy smoke, I sniggered to myself, Old Stuff, why that was more'n a thousand years ago . . . that don't count. He heard me whisper this, and drew himself up till his head touched the roof of the car, and he roared out, Don't count, eh? You are wrong. Of course it counts. The Romans were just humans like ourselves. They didn't have automobiles, telephones, cigars, but they had farmers, exporters, bankers, wholesalers, manufacturers, store-keepers, a fine postal service, fast mail wagons, real estate men who built and rented houses, a great fleet of ships and such good roads that they are being used today in many places over Europe. Don't make *that* mistake—they *do* count, and what they tried to do is a lesson to us today.

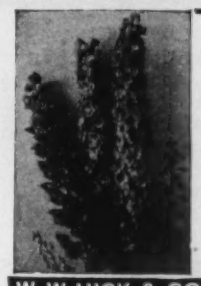
I didn't know all that, I answered quite surprised. Who was the guy you said started the idea? I didn't say STARTED It, corrected the old man, pretty sore, I guess at my ignorance, I said TRIED it out on a big scale. The idea was not new. It had been tried in many ways before a man named Diocletian gave it every chance and found it couldn't work. Well, I said. I sure never heard of what's-his-name before. What was it you called him? Die-o-clee-shean says he slowly. And then if he didn't get out the car, and sit down on a kind of settle I had in front of the garage and start in with the story, a'shakin' his finger at me as though I was a whole damned history class. He certainly was interested all right.

They Yessed Diocletian

In the first place, says he, you must know that I am talking about the Empire of Rome, called the Roman Empire. At the time we're talking about, it was headed up by a man they called the Emperor whose name was Diocletian. His word was law, for although they had a Senate every member who knew what was good for him voted "yes" to everything Diocletian wanted done. Else they'd have lost their heads. Now this particular Emperor was the son of a slave, but he had gone into the army and with a quick mind and great ambition he got to be one of the leading generals, and when the old Emperor kicked off, darned if they didn't choose Diocletian to be top-man in the great Empire. (I sure am learning something, I thought, but what's this to do with my guy last night?)

The Professor cleared his throat, threw one leg over the other, and went on with his lesson, gettin' kind'a warmed up to his story. Boy! He sure liked it.

Being IT, the Emperor made a lot of rules, had people kiss the hem of his robes when they called on him, wore expensive clothes, and had a lot of servants. But when it came to making life easier for the common people, he certainly put his mind on *that* too. People were complaining that the rich were getting richer and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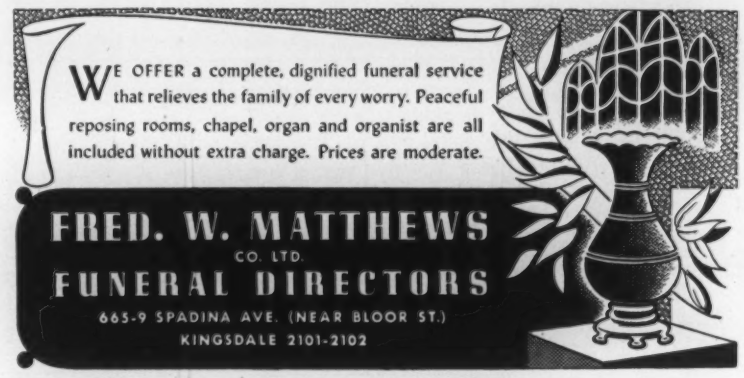
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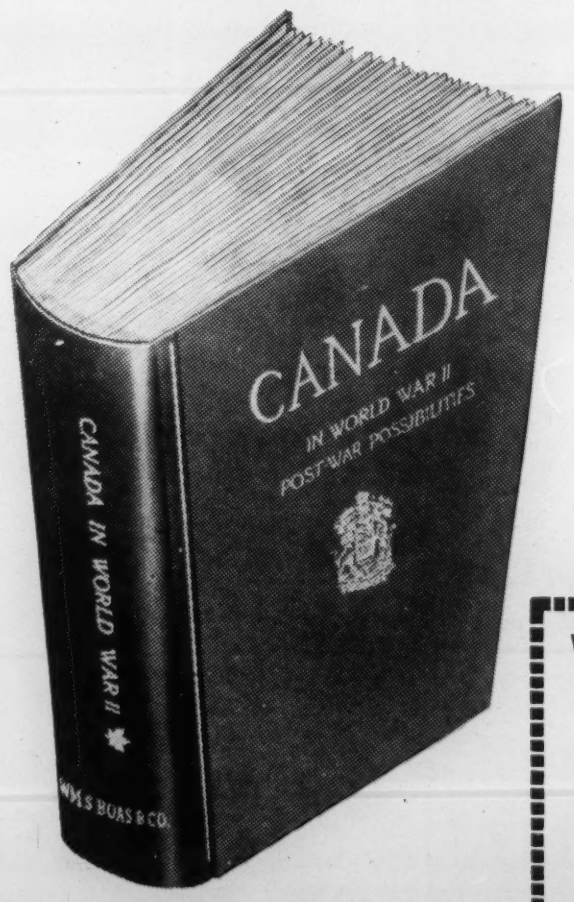

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the poor poorer and there was a lot of discontent. One day a fellow came along, like your speaker of last night, and he allowed that all the trouble lay in business men asking too much for their goods—getting too big a profit on them—and the smaller store-keepers all doing likewise, and the employers starving their men with too little in the way of wages, with no time off.

Is that so, said Diocletian, I had no idea that kind of thing was going on. We'll put a stop to it at once. Not having to ask for votes from the people, or the Senate either, Diocletian was sittin' pretty, so he started the new rules right away. He sat down and just dictated to a coupl'a slaves what he wanted done, and that was that.

Price Ceilings, Floors

Do you want me to tell you, asked the Professor at this point, takin' out his watch, and twitchin' a little, what the Emperor did, and how it worked out in practice over the whole Empire? Do I?, I snapped back, Do I? Well, it won't take long to tell, says he. And then he began again. I can't remember all the words he used, but this was the way I got it. Diocletian put a price ceiling and a cellar floor on and under all goods of every description. All vegetables, wines, liquors, and . . . Cigars?, I interrupted. No, not cigars. They weren't invented yet. The farmers and manufacturers got so much, the wholesalers, so much, and the shop-keepers were allowed just so much profit and not a red cent more. Anyone who cheated, was just arrested and was liable to be executed. No democratic form of government, that, says the Professor. Then Diocletian put a top and bottom on all wages, salaries. Artists, farmers, lawyers, doctors, every man who earned his living had a stated income. Well, that sure was to the good, and I slapped my knee. Was it? he answered, Let's see how it worked.

Well, I got so interested in this story that I wished I had known about old Diocletian a long time ago. Go on, Professor, I called out, and edged a little nearer to him on the settle. How did it work out? I'll tell you, he said, pleased at my bein' able to understand it, I suppose. So I settled back as he went on. Although Diocletian was all-powerful, he himself couldn't see to it that this set of laws was put to work . . . he had to depend on a lot of people to collect the taxes, keep the books, and see that no one broke the rules. Now to the astonishment of Diocletian, this required an immense organization—bigger'n he had had any idea of . . . so many in fact, that in some provinces it was said that there were more people collecting taxes than there were people to pay 'em. After a coupl'a years Diocletian got a friend of his called Maximian to be co-Emperor with him, and again they each appointed another man—so there were four bosses called Caesars—running the different sections of the Empire. That helped Diocletian some, but still the collectors had hard work trying to make people pay taxes to keep up the big organization formed to help them. It didn't help them. They had to pay more and more taxes because it took more and more people to collect and book-keep them. As each collector was ordered to collect a certain sum of money or pay it out of his own pocket, a lot of cheating got started, and graft was on the up and up. Yowls reached the ears of the Caesars, but there were so many collectors and a lot of them far from home, that most of the abuses did not reach the Royal ears at all. The trouble was that once the system got started, it was impossible to stop it—you can't unscramble an egg, said the Professor. But that wasn't the worst of it. Sons were obliged to follow in their fathers' businesses—so once a collector, always a collector as far as that family went—once a sailor, the family had to keep going as sailors.

No matter what kind of a business the average man was in, and no matter how much he wanted to get out of it, he wasn't allowed to do so. And the sons who wanted to start their lives afresh in some new line, were kept to the line their father worked in. Today, a boy comes to the family and says Mom or Dad I got a swell job today in a new kind of business. But not then. So, fathers and sons got desperate. But it was no good. Life was hard and full of dreary days and no let-up. True the incomes were all arranged, but out of them had to come the taxes that were not allowed for in the first place. Diocletian was all broken up over the failure of his grand system that he calculated would make his people prosperous and happy, and finally he resigned and went to live outside of Italy, far from the turmoil of Rome. But some of the next Emperors tried to help the people. They cancelled some of the taxes, and they tried to give greater freedom to everyone, but while they might change details, they couldn't seem to root up the system: like some weeds, it kept cropping up as strong as ever and as harmful.

The Outcome

The final result of all this was that the people had had so much of their spirit knocked out of them, they had said for so many generations, "Let George Do It" that when the time came to defend the Empire against the barbarians that finally conquered it, they were too crushed and slavish to do anything but lie down and take it. It's all right to say "Let George Do It" but George can't do it, without the help of the free people, and there were no really free people left in any numbers.

The Professor rose up, and got into his car. Then he stuck his head out of the window and shot his final bolt at me. . . When you take away a man's chance to carve out his own future, buy his freedom with presents and promises, keep him by force from making mistakes, and by the same token, keep him from making a great success, you've done him more harm than if you had killed him in the first place. Never try to buy a free man and make a pet of him. He won't like it and he won't stand for it in a free country. The Empire never got over this great humane experiment, says the Professor, shouting, as his car began to move, Diocletian ruined his people and his Empire too, by trying to mind everybody's business, so finally nobody had any business to mind. And that is just as true today as it was a thousand years ago. Don't let anyone try to act as though he is going to be a father to you forever. He can't be!

The Professor waved goodbye. Golly! I says to myself, it's certainly great to know about things—learning's sure a great thing!

(Editor's note)—In a foot-note found in Gibbon's Rome these words occur. . . "The whole Edict (Diocletian's) is perhaps the most gigantic effort of a blind though well-meaning, well-intentioned, despotism to control that which is and ought to be beyond the regulation of the government."

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THE LONDON LETTER

When National Theatre is Built Drama League Will Get Credit

By P. O'D.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the British Drama League was founded by three or four enthusiasts meeting in what has been described as "a frowsty room furnished chiefly with packing-cases". Their object was to encourage and direct amateur activity in the theatre by providing a centre to which the little groups of amateur actors throughout the country could turn for advice and assistance. There was plenty of amateur enthusiasm and activity, but it was unorganized and therefore much less effective. The purpose of the Drama League was to organize it. It has effectively done so.

Now on its twenty-fifth birthday the League can look back on a very fine record of achievement—the establishment of a headquarters equipped with an excellent library, a practice theatre, a costume store, a lecture hall, a bookshop, an information bureau, and a department of play-criticism. The membership now numbers several thousands. Largely as the result of its influence dramatic societies have been formed in scores of towns and villages and amateur playhouses equipped. Its annual dramatic festivals, at which prizes are awarded to competing amateur companies, have done more than anything else perhaps to raise the general level of amateur acting and production.

By way of celebrating its birthday, the Drama League is holding in the rooms of the Royal Academy an exhibition of prints, photographs, plans and models telling the story of "the British Playhouse" from the days of the old Swan Theatre of the 1590's and Shakespeare's Globe to the present time. It's looking to the future, too, for the exhibition includes a model of Sir Edwin Lutyens' design for the proposed National Theatre in South Kensington.

This project of a National Theatre has always been a cherished one with the Drama League. But though the plan has got so far as the acquisition of a site and the preparation of designs, the National Theatre Committee is still looking for a larger and more central site. The war, however, has naturally kept everything in abeyance. No doubt we shall some day have a National Theatre on the present site or a better; and much of the credit will be due to the persistent and effective support of the Drama League.

Sites Pay for Wren Churches

One of the much-discussed questions in connection with the restoration of the City of London has been what to do with the bombed Wren churches. All sorts of solutions have been offered by the eager planners—mostly self-appointed—and these solutions have ranged from doing away with nearly all the churches as no longer serving any useful purpose to restoring every single one as being part of a priceless architectural and historical heritage. There obviously has been plenty of room for divergence of opinion, with much to be said on any and every side. And it certainly has been said!

Now at last the question seems to be in a fair way of settlement. The Commission appointed by that very able administrator, the Bishop of London—recently promoted to the See of Canterbury, as everyone expected—has brought out its report. And that report states flatly that "no Wren church not already destroyed or damaged beyond the possibility of satisfactory restoration should be removed, except in case of most urgent necessity."

The report goes on to say that to demolish any church which is an acknowledged work of art would be an act of vandalism, which would shock the conscience of the country, if not of the world. All the churches which survived the Great Fire of 1666 should be retained as far as possible, whether they have any congregation or not.

Of the 45 churches in the City 28 have escaped serious damage. It is around the other 17 that discussion has chiefly centred. Eight or nine of them are clearly beyond restoration. The Commission proposes that the sites of four or five of these demolished churches should be sold, and the proceeds used to equip the remaining sites with endowed institutes for Church social work, especially among young workers in the City. As the sites are immensely valuable, there should be plenty of money for the purpose.

Though sentimentalists may regret the permanent loss of these ancient churches—and not merely sentimentalists — the decision seems on the whole to be a wise one. And it stands a very good chance of being final. The report of the Commission may be taken as representing the views of the ecclesiastical authorities; and, after all, it is they who have the chief voice in the matter. This therefore is one long-drawn controversy which may now be regarded as closed. Fortunately, there are lots of controversies left.

Money in Horses

With so many keen-eyed, hard-faced fellows in riding-breeches attending every horse-sale, their pockets apparently stuffed with £1,000 notes, you might think it was almost impossible ever to get a real bargain. One might as well hope to carry off an Old Master for a song at Christie's.

In Ireland, where everyone from a bishop down seems to know all about horses, the chances would seem to be even worse. But it was at a sale in Ireland just before the war that Major "Paddy" Doyle bought a mare named Sister Clara for £20. Recently at Newmarket she was sold for £11,500 to Miss Dorothy Paget, who is in the happy position of being able to buy anything she really wants.

A few weeks previously Major Doyle sold a year-old filly by Sister Clara for £6,600. And he still owns a colt by her, worth, I suppose, a similar amount—or more, it may be. Altogether Major Doyle seems to have done pretty well. Such strokes of luck may be rare, but this is what makes the buying of racehorses the romantic and exciting business it still is, and is likely to remain. This and the beauty of horses.

Late Lord Desborough

Lord Desborough, who died a short while ago, fulfilled to an amazing degree the English ideal of the all-round sportsman. English people, like most others, admire champions, but their warmest regard is for the man who can do many things and do them well, without seeming to make too much fuss about it. Lord Desborough was the greatest all-rounder of his time—cricketer, oarsman, fencer, runner, mountain - climber, crack shot, and swimmer.

While a member of the House of Commons he rowed in the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley. Previously he had stroked a racing eight across the Channel. Twice he swam the Pool below the falls at Niagara—the second time because someone or other expressed a doubt as to whether it could really be done. So he peeled off and did it again, just to show the blighter.

In spite of the dreadful effects which an addiction to sport is said by medical Jeremiahs to have on the heart and the arteries, he lived to be 89. Those Victorians were certainly a very durable lot.

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Four Very Angry Poets in a "Unit of Five"

By B. K. SANDWELL

UNIT OF FIVE: Poems by Louis Dudek, Ronald Hambleton, P. K. Page, Raymond Souster, James Wreford. Ryerson Press, $2.

"THE emotion stirred by an intense realization of life is the fountain-spring of poetry", observes S. R. Lysaght, a recent English critic. My objection to much contemporary poetry is that it proceeds from men and women whose realization, while intense enough, is of something that falls very short of being "life". Some of them realize the evils of a somewhat outgrown social or economic system; some of them realize the shallowness of the ideals of an overcommercialized age, or the futility of "progress" as a means to happiness, or the inability of science to solve the great riddles of the self and the universe. But these are microscopic fractions of "life", and the poet who attends to them exclusively is only a fraction of a poet, even if he is not a mere propagandist.

This partiality of view, this inability to see life whole, to say nothing of steadily, seems to me the common defect of four at least of the five very clever verse-makers of "Unit of Five"—this, and the fact that what fascinates them, focuses their attention, is the repellent and the contemptible. These are the angry poets. Mr. Raymond Souster is angry with the older (living) Canadian poets—"my little eunuchs, my little virgins"—and says that they will go home and dream—

"Of Pickthall walking hand in hand
with her fairies
And Lampman turning his back on
Ottawa."

That too many of the present Canadian poets are imitating Pickthall and Lampman is true, but the sin is not in their choice of models but in the fact of their imitating at all. Mr. Frank Scott used to do this sort of thing much better, but he was not angry, he was just amused, and he directed his shafts only at people he had a right to be amused at.

Some Brilliance

P. K. Page is angry with the limitations of boarding-house life—"the woman lost in the cupboard of ancient moths Is pinned to a board in the floor,"—and with the futility of summer resorts and beauty parlors and even operating rooms in hospitals. She writes of nothing that she is not angry with; anger seems her only motive power, the sole spark in her poetic carburetor, but it produces some brilliant flashes, such as the "undertaker with fat white breath." The most ambitious and successful of her poems is a very vivid anticipation of the death by drowning of a bored rich lady on a luxury cruise with a big stateroom and a tiled bathroom; but her whole interest in the subject is in the fact that the lady is rich and bored and will ultimately become food for the fishes. Now the futility of the bored rich is a valid subject for satirical poetry, but it is not emphasized by the fact that they decay when dead, a process common to Socialists as well; but Miss Page is angry with the rich lady and not with the Socialists, and has no "intense realization" of the majesty of death as the most important part (being the boundary) of life.

Mr. Ronald Hambleton is, I suspect, the angriest of the lot, under the mask of a cold ironic intellectuality. He is an experimentalist in rhyme and metre, and sensuous beauty is certainly not his objective. He pairs "archipelago" and "Iago", "metal" and "centripetal," "efficient" and "Ding an Sich and". I find much of him very obscure, and I think that he wants me to—that he would be disappointed if I did not have to do a lot of digging in his muskeg goldmine—or does he care no more whether anybody digs than the Great Canadian Shield or Laurentian Plateau does? Perhaps so; perhaps his universal contempt extends to his readers and reviewers; perhaps they deserve it.

How angry Mr. Louis Dudek is I do not know, for I cannot profess to understand most of him, and what I do understand seems hardly worth understanding. One ought to be able to understand a poem entitled "In Praise of Sunrise," even a modernistic one (unless the title is deliberately misleading), but why should a sunrise cause him to

". . . . forget sunset's high
Bronze brazen bauble in an inky
sky"?

If the bauble is the moon, as seems possible, what is it doing in an "inky sky" at sunset, which is much too early for that degree of darkness? Mr. Dudek also goes in for corpses, and calls his chief corpse Yorick, by way of letting us know that he can improve on Shakespeare; but he doesn't, he merely glosses on him:

"O how a beetle dines
Upon a pelvic plateful
Of his marrow."

He is determined to be twentieth-century in his figures, so he describes the feelings of a lover at the departure of the beloved thus:

"And like a city crumbling, in ruin,
Is my emotion when the door closes.
Like a streetcar, like a terrible tractor,
It is all rumbling and tumbling in me
when you are gone."

Mr. James Wreford is also terrifyingly obscure, but a most exquisitely haunting beauty of sound convinces me that he is also concerned for beauty of thought, and I confidently expect to get more out of every one of his thirteen poems every year that I re-read them. He too likes to take his figures from the language of our mechanical age; his easiest poem is "Riding the Rims" and deals with those who

" . . . cracked the safe of joy and
spent the loot
And gave ourselves to death without
dispute."

Mr. Wreford, like Mr. Gustafson and Mr. Binney and Miss Livesay among our other younger poets, has both a realization of life and a reverence for it. Add a trained ear and a practiced technique, and the result is poetry. (But the whole book is interesting.)

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THE WEEK IN RADIO

Fletcher Markle, Still Under 25, Already Top Actor, Writer

By FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

IF YOU were to describe Fletcher Markle as "The Orson Welles of Canada" it would annoy him no end. If you were to suggest that this young Canadian playwright-actor-novelist is a "boy prodigy" he would not be amused.

But what are you going to do with a lad well under 25 years who has already been hailed in London, New York and Hollywood . . . a mere strip of a boy who has written and had produced 250 radio plays, is considered by radio producers as one of the top ten actors in Canadian radio and has a novel in the hands of his publisher, ready for publication in the spring? What are you going to do with a guy like that?

Handsome, able Fletcher Markle is not to be dismissed easily in the Canadian scene of arts and letters. His recent radio play "The Nation Is Waiting," produced on a national network by Andrew Allan, gave evidence that here is a Canadian writer whose experience overseas with the R.C.A.F. has given him a clear insight not only of his own responsibilities as a Canadian, but also has revealed to him the inner longings of our men and women in uniform. He has disclosed a keen understanding of the civilian's relationship to the man in uniform.

"The Nation Is Waiting" was more than radio entertainment. It was a documentary broadcast. It opened up a pattern on the intricate problem of rehabilitation. It will probably be followed by several other plays on the same theme. Whether or not the plays to come will originate in Canada remains to be seen, for only last week Fletcher Markle was in New York looking over some interesting offers there.

To put the play to one side for a moment and look at Markle. He was "born to write." He came into the world in a little town near Winnipeg. At 12 he wrote a 400-page novel in large childish hand all about a pirate, and illustrated it by colored crayon. He wrote a second novel at 14. He now describes this work as "an absolute blackout of the drinkin', smokin', neckin' set".

IN HIS 'teen years Markle's family moved to Vancouver where Fletcher continued his schooling in a half-hearted way, spending most of his time writing and producing plays for college and Little Theatre groups. His "Phoenix Theatre" produced "Julius Caesar" in modern dress long before Orson Welles.

When radio offered more opportunity than the theatre for his talents, Markle plunged into broadcasting. His first radio plays of any significance were a series of 65 one-hour scripts he wrote for the Western Broadcasting Co. He called them "Imagine, Please". They weren't heard in Eastern Canada.

After that came "Baker's Dozen," a series of 13 broadcasts which Andrew Allan produced on a national network from Vancouver. They created quite a stir in Montreal and Toronto dramatic circles. Fletcher Markle had never been heard of before in the east.

After "Baker's Dozen" Markle joined the R.C.A.F., heart trouble washed him out of air-crew and before very long he was in the writing and acting business in the service. In London he spent his off-duty hours playing in a movie, "Journey Together," starring Edward G. Robinson and Rex Harrison. The British Ministry of Information heard about him and commissioned him to write and narrate a film designed for American consumption and revealing the damage done in Britain by the robot bombs. Twentieth-Century-Fox Film Co. has just wired this young Canadian that his film has been named by them as the top single-reel documentary film of the war.

I ASKED this sparkling young genius which of his radio plays did he consider his best. Modestly he said: "Some people consider 'Brain Storm Between Opening and Closing Announcements' pretty good. It was a surrealistic fantasy. Some people liked 'Who Do You Think You Are?' It was on 'Stage '45'."

"What do you want to do, most of all?" "I want to write and produce for radio,' he said, quickly. "I have a feeling that a man who writes a script is in a better position to produce his play than anybody else. Of course, he's got to know something about radio."

He told me how he came to write "The Nation Is Waiting." The makers of Purity Flour had asked Andrew Allan to produce 13 plays about Canada. Allan asked Markle if he'd like to try writing some of them. "The important thing of the moment is the home-coming of our servicemen, and I felt that I knew something about how they felt, so that's what I decided to write about. But you can't cover the ground in a half-hour script."

So that you might catch the style of this young man's writing, here is a bit from the prologue: "The young warrior returns from a restless sea or a muddy field or the high and brilliant air . . . he belongs to someone, as brother or lover or son, and he will be coming back some day, big-eyed and impatient and sick under the belt with longing. . ."

The story is about "Johnny Legion," his chances and his rights. Johnny describes them as "the chance and right to work, to eat and sleep under a roof; to express myself and not be afraid, and have my own ideas about God."

TRYING to describe what is going on in Canada today, Markle puts these words into his "spokesman's" mouth: "People are confused, Johnny, coming close to going down for the third time in a sea of words. They're talking and writing and reading and listening and trying to make sense. But it's not easy. Most of the men who work on the newspapers are still writing with their right hands, but some have switched to the left, and a few are even dictating their stuff. Many a horse has been changed midstream and an alarming number of empty saddles are reported."

"THE NATION Is Waiting" is a good play. But it takes more than a writer to produce a good play. It takes a producer, and actors, and sometimes music. In Andrew Allan the play had one of Canada's finest producers. The C.B.C. will find it easier to hold him now that they have given him free reign to produce plays for commercial sponsors, outside the C.B.C. Allan gathered around him some experienced players for Markle's script, among them Aaran Harvey, who has also just returned from overseas; Jane Mallett, Grace Matthews, Frank Peddie, Tommy Tweed, Bernard Braden, Alan Pearce and Jules Upton. The music for the play was composed and conducted by Lucio Agostini, formerly of Montreal, now of Toronto. I wish to report that the music on this broadcast did not disrupt the continuity of the play. Rather, it acted as a mellow background for words. Mack was the announcer of the show, and by the way there are others to follow, on Friday nights, on the Trans-Canada network, Fridays at 8 p.m..

I hope that Fletcher Markle will remain in Canada to write other plays as good or better than this one. But I have my fears that United States will sweep him up like that nation has done to so many talented Canadians. Norman Corwin likes Markle's work, and it's my guess that the big American networks, or Hollywood, will stretch out their hands for this unusual young artist.

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Students Now Can Look at the French Treasures Next Door

ALLONS GAI, an Anthology of French Canadian Prose and Verse, by George A. Klinck. (Ryerson, 90c.)

FOR too long a time French-teaching in English Canada has been based on Paris rather than on Quebec. One would think that Louis Fréchette, Adjutor Rivard and at least half-a-dozen of the more eminent journalists of Montreal and Quebec would be familiar friends of young High School graduates hereabouts. Not so. Other texts have been in their hands.

But French Canada is a fact of some importance, and French Canadian literature is a happy and gracious fact; even if only for its body of folk-song. Some persons with noses-in-air have wondered if Canadian French is "pure." They forget that Canadian writers in French have been "crowned" in Paris. They may not know that the speech of educated men and women east of the Ottawa compares favorably in accuracy and accent with that of any English-Canadian lawyer or clergyman in full cry.

So the author of this little French reader for students, like Brer Rabbit, was pestered with sense when he made a selection of the blithe tales of French Canada as written by native sons. It is classified under four headings, Gay Tales, Altar and Hearth, The Life of the field and the woods, and Popular Legends. The authors include Clément Marchand, Louis Fréchette, Camille Roy, Robert Choquette, Ernest Gagnon, J. E. Roy, Pamphile LeMay and many others. There is a sympathetic foreword by Dr. Lorne Pierce.

•

Entanglements

WHAT IS THE VERDICT? by Fred L. Gross, former President of the New York Bar Association. (Macmillans, $2.75.)

IT WAS the settled opinion of Mr. Bumble that the Law was an ass, an idiot. Others since his day have not been completely hostile towards that view, but they, of course, have been laymen. But here's a professional, long at the Bar and then on the Bench for years, who regards his Mistress with something less than adoration, and even could talk brotherly with Bumble.

He takes a set of imaginary circumstances which could create litigation and by showing the effect of Common Law decisions and Statutory Law amendments on each, creates such confusion as to drive litigants and counsel alike to the verge of insanity. For the ordinary reader the stories are joyous; for lawyers, hilarious.

•

Steinbeck's Derelicts

CANNERY ROW, by John Steinbeck. (Macmillans, $2.50.)

ALL the merits of story-telling can be found in Steinbeck's work, and the chief one is a persistent love and pity for people of all sorts and conditions. In "The Moon Is Down" he made German officers pitiable victims, bound to the wheels of a military juggernaut. In "The Grapes of Wrath" his characters were victims of the economic machine. In this new tale, or collection of tales, his people are refusing to be bound by the community machine.

They are the offscourings of society, hoboes, pimps, gamblers and harlots, gathered in the smelly lee of a sardine cannery on the Monterey coast. They are individuals embracing failure with a relish, not even desiring to succeed, tolerant towards petty thievery and everything else so long as they can eat and drink. In brief, they are the Undeserving Poor. Shaw painted one in Alfred Doolittle. Steinbeck fills his canvas with them; an hilarious company.

But for all their dirt, degradation and disgusting vocabulary they are men and women with humor, with a certain wry content and with flashes of comradeship that differentiates them from the mere animals they pretend to be. They all revolve around The Doc, a collector of specimens for biological laboratories. He takes all the strange living flotsam of low tide; starfish, octopi, crabs and the like, together with cats, frogs and other land fauna, dyes their circulatory systems for the convenience of students all over the country and so makes a precarious living, largely consisting of beer. His pleasures are earthy-heavenly; loose women, Gregorian music and esoteric poetry.

The hoboes of the palace flophouse decide that he's a good fellow and deserves a surprise party. In order to raise funds for the refreshment they organize a frog-hunt, massive in its planning and performance, sell the frogs to The Doc at 2 cents each and have the party. Its climax is a gorgeous fight which all but ruins The Doc's house and laboratory.

The book is a masterpiece of wild humor and expert characterization. Underlying the tale is a dark current of anti-social irony.

• •

A Strange Concoction

THE DICTATOR AND THE DEVIL, by Severance Johnson. (Ecnareves Press, 2 Rector Street, N.Y. $3.00, American.)

DANTE, being not a little weary of his enemies, personal, political and literary, popped them all into Hell and surveyed their torments, not wholly without satisfaction. Doubtless this is a most improper charge against an Immortal, but even poets are human in their sores as in their ecstasies.

An American journalist, being fiercely indignant at Hitler and the infamies of the paperhanger's contriving, imagined him as a guest of honor in Hell, taking, as it were, a post-graduate course in villainy. That necessitated the creation of a new kind of Hell, situated in the farthest outskirts of the solar system, inhabited by all the monsters of mythical and geological story, and closely connected with the newspaper offices of America. The author ought to know something about newspaper offices. He has been an investigating reporter for many publications, from Leslie's Weekly to the Hearst chain.

So he built, over long months, a poem of fourteen cantos, mostly of rhymed pentameter couplets. It's not a good poem. The occasional brief passages of dignity are blacked-out by long stretches or doggerel, such as this:

"Suddenly with fist
So hard he struck a table he did twist
It into junk."

or by wild imaginings that are more ludicrous than terrifying.

Long ago Rudyard Kipling deprecated the efforts of rhymers "killing Kruger with their mouths." The principle is sound. When Mr. Churchill has called Hitler "that wicked man," corroborative detail by lesser speakers and writers is "wasteful and ridiculous excess."

Any one interested in this book as a literary curiosity will notice that the name of the publishing company is merely "Severance" spelled backwards.

•

How to Ride

HEADS UP, HEELS DOWN, a handbook of horsemanship and riding, by C. W. Anderson. (Macmillans, $2.75.)

YOUNG folks nowadays are eager to ride, and not particularly concerned about the steed. This well written and illustrated manual will teach them the points of a good saddle horse and the rudiments of "a good seat and bridle-hand."

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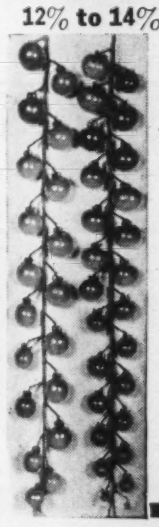

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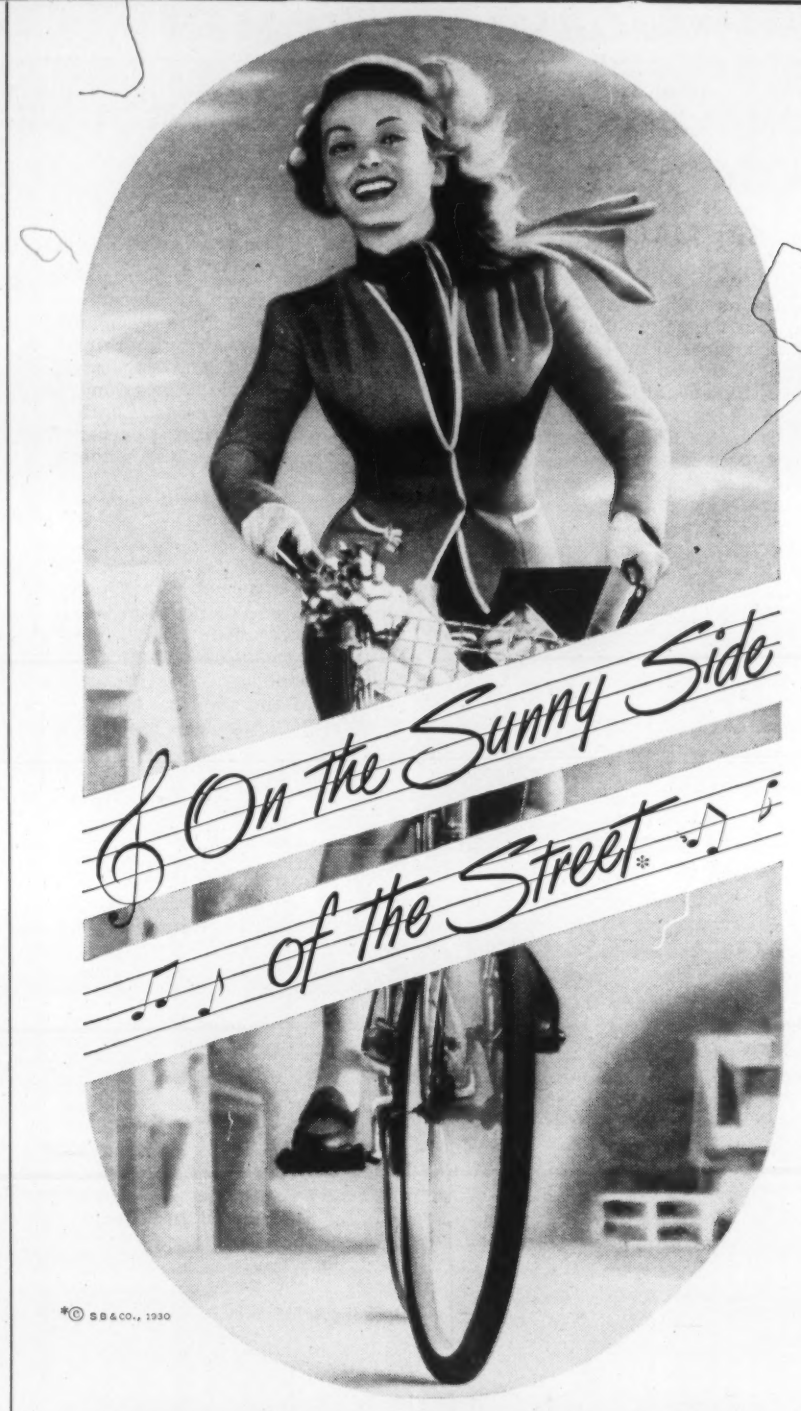

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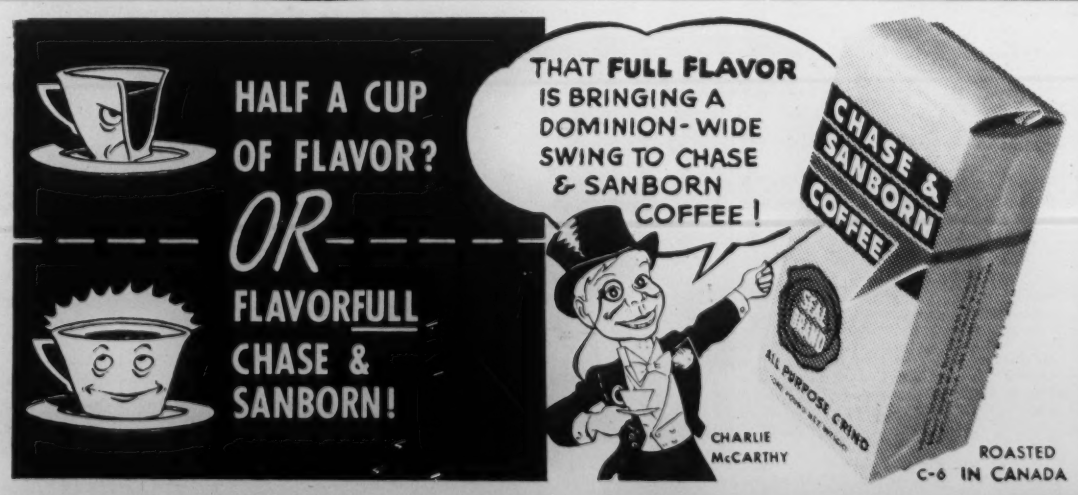
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WORLD OF WOMEN

Four Girls Who Say "Hello" For Us to the Men in the Front Lines

By MARGARET E. NESS

"IT'S girls!" Men's voices, awed—jubiliant—and downright disbelieving. And their khaki-clad owners crowd around a truck.

If a sarong-ed Dottie Lamour had smiled down at them, or Betty Grable's legs had suddenly appeared, they couldn't have caused more excitement than the four girls in the truck. For this was the front—the Italian front. Only 1500 yards away were the Germans.

But the Canadians weren't thinking of that as they "rushed" the truck. They were interested only in the amazing contents of that truck—four girls. Four C.W.A.C.'s from the Canadian Army Show! Four girls from Canada—army-trained, army-disciplined and show-taught!

And these four girls have just completed a furlough in Canada—after playing a year to Canadians overseas—eight months in England and four months in Italy. And now they are taking off again in a new show, playing their way out of Canada via some camps in the Maritimes. Then over to England and the fighting-front circuit.

That is, three of the four are returning with the Army Show. One is home on compassionate leave—Raymonde Maranda of Montreal. In her place is "Sunny" Wilson of Moncton, N.B., who joined the group in England after their Italian tour. The other three originals are Ethel Hendry of Windsor, Ontario, Alfreda Philip of Winnipeg and Mary Moynihan of Regina. Very smart and at ease in their khaki uniforms, very enthusiastic about soldier-show business.

But under the charm and sparkle of one of them is a deep-rooted anxiety that she courageously keeps to herself. Alfreda Philip's husband, Major R. W. Philip of the Winnipeg Grenadiers, is a prisoner-of-war in Hong Kong. Only three times in three years has she heard from him. A real trouper is this Private Alfreda Philip. And yet neither she nor the other girls are professional stage folk brought up in the "show must go on" tradition. They are just typical Canadian girls . . . who volunteered for the Canadian Army.

Yes, first and foremost they are C.W.A.C's. They marched and drilled and studied—took the full basic army training course before they ever kicked a high kick with the Show. They didn't just step from civilian life into a snug-fitting khaki uniform and the Army Show. And that accounts for their unique experiences right up at the fighting fronts. For they are the only girls who have *lived* in the lines.

In Front Lines

American and British entertainers are civilians. They give their shows—often up the lines, too—but then they return to a base. Being civilians they cannot remain with the army as part of its personnel. But the C.W.A.C.'s in the Canadian Army Show can—and do.

And Ethel Hendry, Raymonde Maranda, Mary Moynihan, Alfreda Philip and "Sunny" Wilson are only five of the 75 girls in the Canadian Army Show who will have entered the theatre of operations and stayed . . . some are there now, others ready to leave. In all, 25 Units will swing around this circuit—girls and men.

And do our fighting men appreciate the girls! That day last May when they landed in Italy, unheralded and unsung, they became the storm centre of what seemed like an entire battalion. And all they did was merely to walk along the street of the Canadian base near Naples. That was enough. The soldiers practically fought to get near them—just to hear a Canadian "Hello!"

"Say something—anything," they'd plead. "Just let us hear you talk in our own language."

"You see," the girls explained, "they were five-year men. And they hadn't even been back in England on leave for a year and a half. So you can imagine what the sight of four Canadian girls did!"

Of course the boys had seen Canadian nursing sisters. But that wasn't quite the same. They expected the nursing sisters to be there, they were part of the war. But a Canadian "other rank"—19 to 25 years of age—and with curves! Wow!

And the girls smilingly accepted the same whistles and cheers—the same requests merely to say "Hello!" . . . from American, British and South African troops. For the Canadian Army Show played any place and every place in Italy where entertainment was needed.

And in Rome

But of course it wasn't all fun and movie-adventure-story routine. That first night the girls had to sleep on the ground, two to a sheet, and not even a tent for shelter. Fortunately Italy was then living up to its "sunny" reputation. But the next day they moved up to the lines and took over a hospital the Germans had just evacuated. And that night the Germans shelled the building! Eventually they got a tent which went along with them in their truck.

That truck took them everywhere—along with the four other trucks and the twenty soldier-actors of "B" Unit.

The truck served many purposes. Up in the outlying districts, two of the trucks were "wings"—with a portable floor between them for the stage—and the curtain strung from one to the other. In their trips from one section to the next, the truck was home. And that led to a practical matter. What about laundry? Well, it's going to throw Canadian housewives into a complete tizzy—but here it is.

They got their laundry done for them in from 2 to 3 hours. Washed and ironed!

But it had its grimly pathetic side. For the Italian peasant women didn't want money for their work. They wanted chocolates for the "bambino", soap, cigarettes, food—even a tin of bully beef. The poverty of the countryside was always present and distressing.

Even in Rome necessities were scarce. But luxuries were in startling contrast. Perfumes! Real silk materials! And very, very smartly dressed women. In fact, the girls vocally agreed that the Roman women were every bit as smartly gowned and hatted as fashion-conscious New Yorkers. The Germans hadn't despoiled their allies.

Stockings? Yes, they had them then — last summer-into-early-Fall. Very sheer, silk and very expensive. About 500 lire ($5) and then when the American soldiers moved in on a buying spree, the price leaped to about $10 a pair.

Cosmetics and make-up? Of course the girls were interested in that, although they carried their own theatrical make-up kits. The Roman women were expert in the make-up game and many were using a cream-powder. Mary Moynihan is still using the tube she bought there. A sort of foundation cream with no need of powder afterwards.

"And I had a permanent," Ethel Hendry said. "The first C.W.A.C. to have one in Rome." It cost her 1200 lire.

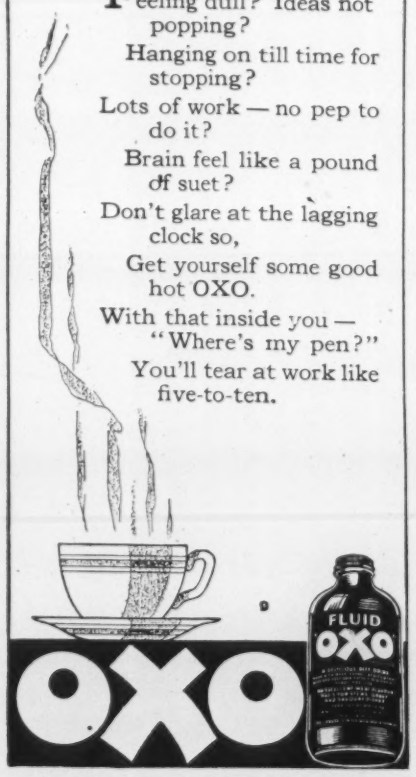
Perhaps the most thrilling theatrical show they did was the one they gave the night before Florence fell. In the audience were British officers and their Gurkha and Sikh troops, and the Canadian Armoured Brigade. The "theatre" was the market square at the side of a bridge and on the hills across the valley they could see the Allied guns. They could even see houses on the outskirts of Florence.

A message from the British gunners is delivered. What time does the show go on? They would like to lay down a barrage but don't want to interfere with the show. A reply goes back.

And so from 8 to 10 o'clock the Canadian Army Show entertains war-weary fighting men. And at 10 o'clock sharp the guns open up—with four Canadian girls watching the fall of Florence.

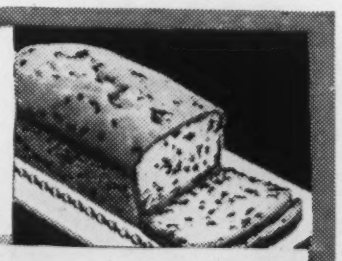
What about military hospitals? Yes, Mary Moynihan said, they toured them. Mostly a few specialty acts that could be given in the wards or recreation room. "It's heart-breaking. Often I could hardly sing. And they were so grateful!" The men asked for "Ave Maria" and "The

Feeling dull? Ideas not popping?
Hanging on till time for stopping?
Lots of work — no pep to do it?
Brain feel like a pound of suet?
Don't glare at the lagging clock so,
Get yourself some good hot OXO.
With that inside you — "Where's my pen?"
You'll tear at work like five-to-ten.



OXO

Sugarless BUT Sweet



MAGIC Honey Pound Cake

1½ c. seedless raisins	2¼ tsp. Magic Baking Powder
¾ c. shortening	¼ tsp. salt
¾ c. honey	¾ tsp. vanilla extract
3 eggs, well beaten	¾ tsp. lemon extract
2¼ c. sifted all-purpose flour	

Rinse raisins; drain; dry on towel—cut fine with scissors. Work shortening with spoon until fluffy and creamy; gradually add honey, while continuing to work with a spoon. Add beaten eggs, and blend. Gradually stir in sifted dry ingredients; beat with spoon until smooth. Add extracts, raisins; stir to blend. Bake in greased, lightly floured 9" x 5" x 3" pan at 300°F. for 2 hours.

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Lt.-Commander Doris Taylor, WRCNS, first Wren officer to be attached to UNRRA. She is seen here in a portrait recently completed by Naval artist Lt. Grant Macdonald, RCNVR.

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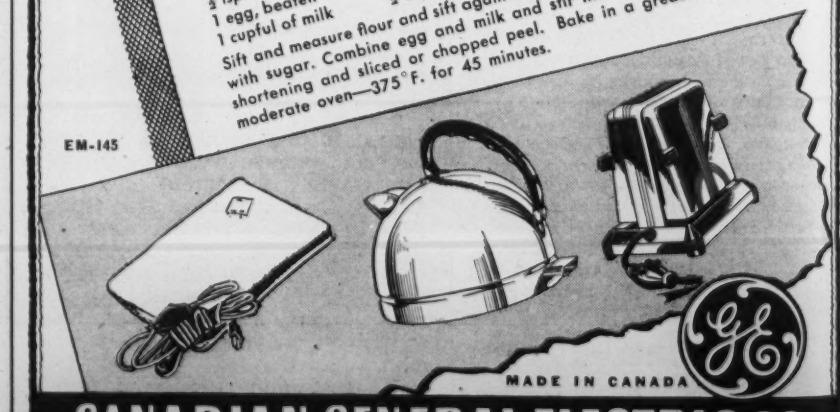
Victory Recipe—ORANGE BREAD

3 cupfuls of pastry flour
½ tsp. salt
1 egg, beaten
1 cupful of milk
3 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. of melted butter or shortening
1 cupful of sliced citron peel (or mixed chopped peel)
½ cupful of orange rind and pulp, chopped fine
½ cup granulated sugar

Sift and measure flour and sift again with baking powder and salt. Combine with sugar. Combine egg and milk and stir into dry ingredients. Add the shortening and sliced or chopped peel. Bake in a greased loaf pan in a moderate oven—375°F. for 45 minutes.

EM-145



MADE IN CANADA

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC Co LIMITED

Lord's Prayer" just as often as for popular numbers.

And there was the boy in one hospital, blind, two arms and one leg amputated. He came in a wheel chair to one of their shows and told her he'd had a swell time.

Yes, they saw the terrible side of war—as well as the amusing side. Sometimes they were even quartered in casualty clearing stations. And one dying Canadian soldier was tenderly held all night long by one of the girls. She didn't tell me that herself, I may add.

Indeed they didn't talk about their own heart-rending experiences at all—only the amusing ones. Too many things went too deeply on that tour.

And just before the interview was over, Mary Moynihan asked if they might say a word about the British people. The others nodded approval. "I know it's been said over and over. But we want to say it again. The British people are grand. Simply grand. And they couldn't do enough for us. Everywhere we met with such kindness."

It was that generosity of spirit which so attracted me to these girls, the desire to give credit to others, to play down their own part. For that 40,000 mile record wasn't a Broadway run. It was hard work. It was made under difficulties . . . in a truck. It was soldier work.

And now Privates Hendry, Philip, Moynihan and all the others in "B" Unit of the Canadian Army Show are going back for more. Going back to say "Hello!" again.

Yes, Life Begins at Forty

By MURRAY ADASKIN

FOR years I have suffered with rheumatic aches and pains, sore arms and a stiff shoulder, which I always attributed to faulty posture or poor advice from expensive doctors. For a fiddler that is darned serious as we have other unavoidable worries, such as constant nervous tension and the fear of a poor performance, which even the finest doctors cannot cure. But fortunately for me, I have many intelligent friends who give me advice with pleasure, and which I have taken with grateful thanks and appreciation. I like to remember what a great author once said (it might have been Bernard Shaw), "If a man can't become his own best doctor by the time he reaches forty, there is no hope for him."

I am not quite forty, so I gratefully accept the advice of my friends who are.

Tea for Two

It all began with my having tea with a friend at a downtown coffee shop some months ago, when he was shocked to hear that I hadn't been playing for over a week because of a stiff and sore arm. "Why," he said, "you surely aren't spending your hard earned money for phony treatments, when you can cure yourself and save money at the same time." I gaped with astonishment. His voice took on a supercilious quality. "Do you drink much tea?"

I hesitated for a moment and said, "Why—er—yes, come to think of it, I'm rather fond of tea," and added with a rather stupid smile "you see, I felt it relaxed me." But I immediately got the full significance of his questioning and realized to my horror how I had been slowly but surely poisoning myself with a daily dose of from five to ten cups of tea a day.

"Relaxed, nonsense!" he exclaimed. "My dear boy, give up your silly tea drinking, and you'll be rid of your sore arm in a week." I wrote to him two days later to thank him for his wonderful advice and to let him know that my arm was completely cured.

It was just as simple as that, until I got that awful kink in my shoulder which upset me terribly. It was a painful ordeal just holding my violin in position, let alone trying to pitch in and play. I couldn't reach my wonderful friend who was out of town and, to add to my difficulties, my wife (whom I love dearly) suggested, with a woman's perverted sense of humor, that I pay a belated visit to a psychoanalyst. Well, a wife is a wonderful companion and a great comfort in times of stress, but you can't expect a man's sense of logic from a woman.

However, luck was again with me, for that day I met an old friend who had always given me good advice, I even suspected that he enjoyed giving it, for that was his magnanimous and kind nature.

I came to the point at once, and described the kink in my shoulder. I could see in his eyes that he was keenly interested, they almost lit up with pleasure; that is, at the thought of helping his old friend. "What you need is something hot for that, m'lad." I quickly pictured a bottle of brandy or even whisky, but my heart sank at the thought of trying to get one these days. I mentioned that to him, but before I could say more he said, "Not at all! Not at all! I have a simpler cure and a much less expensive one. Drink hot tea, and lots of it!"

I mumbled my thanks and thought what a fool I was not to think of that. After all, I am very fond of tea, it's not rationed now and it's much less expensive than whisky.

I immediately took advantage of my friend's intelligent advice and, believe it or not, I was rid of the kink in my shoulder within two days, and imagine, when I'm forty I'll be able to do all this on my own.

FROM THE SLALOM HILL

THE centuries still brood above this hill
Touched with the beauty that is mystery
And the slow shadow of eternity.
Far, with Atlantic sweep, they roll to fill
Earth's cup with unbelievable blues that spill
Over horizon's rim to infinity.
One hears the distant tide of destiny
Beating man's door, tumultuous on the sill.

How beautiful the hills are from this height,
That bore the ages' tyranny, the dearth
And the dark burden of immeasurable night,
Yet steadfast stood, a symbol for these days
That beauty will outsoar all brutish ways
And freedom rise triumphant on the earth.

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT.

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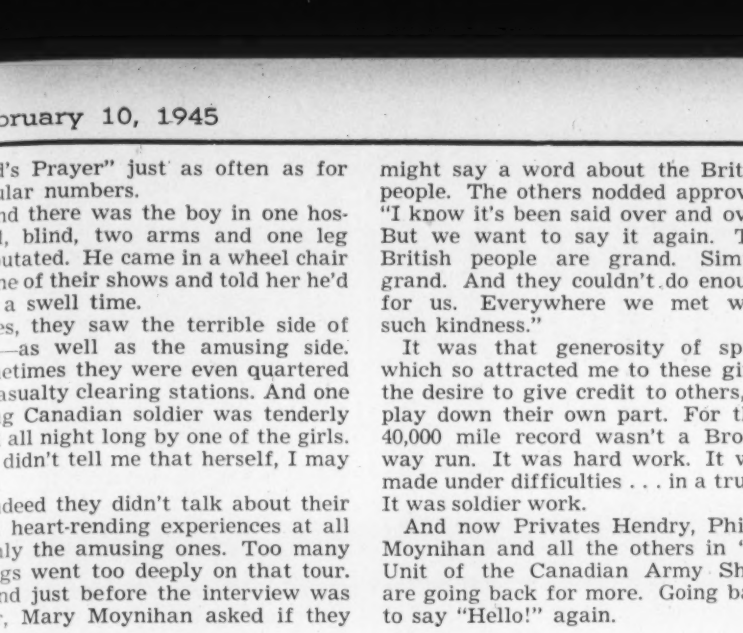

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an all-day, all-purpose lipstick.

1.60 (refills .80)
Matching nail polish for final touch of charm, .95

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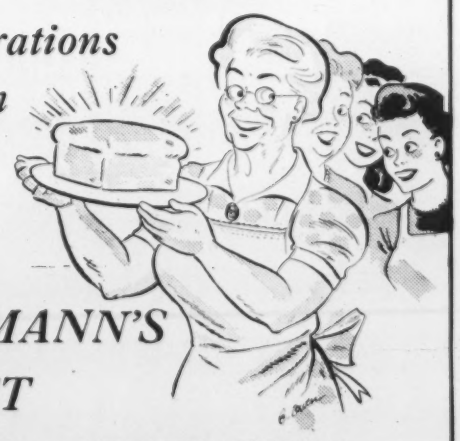

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Erno Rapee and James Melton Popular Favorites Return

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

FOR several summers, Erno Rapee, the brilliant conductor of Radio City Music Hall, New York, has been making appearances with the Proms at Varsity Arena, and the high distinction of his baton-wielding as well as his instinctive flair for rhythm have fascinated thousands. Last week he made his first appearance at Massey Hall with a large ensemble of instrumentalists and singers, and aided by the superb acoustics of that auditorium, his conducting seemed to take on a finer edge of expression. His style and personality are always impressive and few conductors seem more completely alive.

Mr. Rapee certainly believes in giving concert-goers a full meal. Though nearly all the many numbers were well known to his listeners the program left no end of things to talk about. The most noteworthy element in the ensemble was the broad and exquisite tonal quality which marked the rendering of every item. Incidentally he revealed his own gifts as a song-writer in four delightful lyrics. The orchestra numbered slightly more than 50 but seldom has one heard an organization in which the quality of every instrument was so fine. Rapee's wonderful poise and buoyancy as conductor were first revealed in a stimulating rendering of Offenbach's "Orpheus" overture.

Perhaps the most interesting of the orchestral numbers was a "Salute to Latin American Neighbors" based on folk airs of those peoples arranged by Domenico Savino. It was rich, sparkling and infectious. A three-piano team headed by Mildred Victor gave a memorably vivid rendering of Infante's "Ritmo." A vocal quartet included four of the most promising young singers one has had the pleasure of hearing lately. The most wonderful was a coloratura; a lovely sixteen-year-old Irish girl from Boston, named Rebecca Finn. June Forrest was a lyric soprano of rare appeal; John Brooks McCormack a robust tenor of quality and distinction; and Lee Fairfax as noble and powerful a basso as I have heard in many a moon. Altogether it was a wonderful show.

James Melton

Few singers are so well known to the Toronto public as the renowned American tenor, James Melton, but not until his recital at Eaton Auditorium last week has the public had an opportunity to judge of the range and development of his art as an interpreter. His rise in a decade from the ranks of the "popular" radio entertainers to the roster of the Metropolitan Opera House is unique. Mr. Melton is so himself.

Of all types of singers, tenors are as a rule even less endowed with humor than prima donnas. Mr. Melton bubbles over with it and is so magnetic that he can at will infect his listeners with his own high spirits. But, though he is the most care-free of vocalists, a deep and ardent ambition to rise to a high status as an interpreter has dwelt in him ever since the days when he sang in the "Revellers" quartet, one of the earlier features of the N.B.C. network. (There is by the way no white quartet as good as the Revellers on the air to-day.) For several summers he was the most popular guest artist heard at the Proms, one who could always be relied on to draw 7,000 or more. But these appearances gave him no opportunity to sing the works he really wanted to sing. Last week he gave local listeners a feast of them.

One thing early radio experience taught him; the necessity of a clear diction. Whatever he sang was remarkable in clarity and flexibility of utterance. His voice is enthrallingly warm and resonant, and by temperament he is able to convey the inner meanings of the lyrics he renders. Last week in his first number, "O Image" from Mozart's "Magic Flute," it was evident to acute listeners that he had a touch of laryngitis, but his command of his art is such that he soon sang above it and around it. By the time he reached a second and more delightful Mozart aria, "Il mio tresoro" from "Don Giovanni" he was revealing captivating warmth and ease. At the Metropolitan he has distinguished himself not only in Mozart but in a wide range of roles. All my life "M'appari" from Flotow's "Martha" has been my favorite tenor solo and the power and tenderness of Melton's rendering was the high spot of the evening for me; nor do I recall hearing a finer rendering of the leading tenor solo in "Lakme". The "Bell Song" is so famous that we are apt to forget that there is other good music in Delibes' opera.

The wealth and variety of Melton's repertory of short lyrics is remarkable. There were far too many for detailed mention, but the manner in which the essential individuality of each was brought forth proved him an interpreter of a high order. Best of all I liked the tragic tenderness he imparted to "Loch Lomond"; usually badly sung for its refrain alone. His singing of Irish folk songs had the same tender lyric quality that used to delight us in John McCormack; and one of the interesting novelties was Leo Sowerby's arrangement of a North Carolina Mountain Song, "He's Gone Away."

TO A PRIZE ROSE

Exquisite, pampered, closely guarded one—
Product of breeding rigidly controlled—
Would you be mortified to know that I
Prefer a dandelion's careless gold?

MAISIE NELSON DEVITT

Twilight Concert

Last week the Conservatory String Quartet took over the last three of the twilight series of chamber music concerts at the Conservatory of Music. Departures last summer bereft all three local chamber quartets of their viola players, and replacements were necessary. That desk in the Conservatory group has been filled by Harold Carter, an artist with fine tone and facility of expression. The rest of the personnel is as before Elie Spivak, 1st violin; Harold Sumberg 2nd violin, and Joyce Sands, 'cello. The principal group was a novelty of singular interest; little pieces composed many decades ago, when in the early days of the Russian National school of music the ardent young members of the cult used to meet at the home of their most important supporter, the St. Petersburg publisher Belaieff, and play their compositions, of which the three heard last week were "Les Chanteurs de Noël (Glazounov); "Glorifications" (Liadov); and "Choeur danse Russe" (Rimsky-Korsakov). Each was markedly individual,—a gem in itself admirably played. The other number on the program was Beethoven's quartet in F major, op 59, no. 1, first of the Razamousky series. Dignity and technical elegance marked the rendering.

Music Notes

Recently signal honor was paid to Reginald Stewart, formerly of Toronto, for his achievements as conductor of the Baltimore Symphony orchestra when at a concert the Mayor of the city came upon the platform and presented him with a testimonial volume of appreciations. The occasion was marked by Mr. Stewart's first appearance in Baltimore in the joint capacity of pianist and conductor. He played, and simultaneously directed the Rachmaninoff Concerto in C minor. In the old days at the Proms he has performed the same feat with a Mozart concerto, but the Rachmaninoff work is immensely more difficult.

The General Platoff Don Cossack Chorus, under Nicholas Kostrukoff, returned to Eaton Auditorium last week in one of its programs of liturgical and popular Russian music. Though limited in number the aggregate tone of the singers is amazing in range and power. Everything they do is marked by colorful and sensitive nuancing, and the conductor inspires enthusiasm.

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DINNER IS READY— FOLKS!
AW, MOM! STEW AGAIN?
YOUNG MAN, APOLOGIZE TO YOUR MOTHER! SHE MAKES DELICIOUS STEW!
I DIDN'T MEAN IT LIKE THAT. I'M SORRY, MOM!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, BOB. I KNOW YOU'D LIKE STEAK EVERY DAY
WHY NOT? MEAT'S NOT RATIONED
THAT'S RIGHT! THANKS TO YOUR MOTHER AND OTHERS LIKE HER WHO ARE SENSIBLE ABOUT THEIR BUYING
GOOD! GOOD!
YES, WE CAN HAVE ALL THE MEAT WE WANT BECAUSE WE DON'T BUY ALL WE CAN!
YES, WOMEN ARE DOING A SWELL JOB OF RATIONING ON THEIR OWN HOOK!

THANKS TO THE HOUSEWIVES

They're doing a real job. How many men could run their businesses, in the face of shortages, as quietly and efficiently as these women do? They are planning, day after day, varied, balanced meals. No mean task in wartime. So let's forget the complaints and remember to thank our wives and mothers, instead.

JOHN LABATT LIMITED
London Canada

THE FILM PARADE

Screen View of the Tokyo Raid With Some Off-Record Aids

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

SINCE Pearl Harbor Hollywood has turned out some remarkably good war films as well as some highly dubious ones; but I don't know any war picture that combines the remarkable and the dubious so curiously as "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo."

The screen version of the Doolittle raid contains one of the finest screen re-creations of war that any Hollywood studio has produced. From the moment the Lawson plane sights the Japanese shore until it crashes into the sea off the Chinese coast the film is superb. There is every kind of awareness in this sequence—awareness of the fearful excitement in the minds of the flyers, as they hedgehop across the unknown country; of the country itself, tranquil, domestic and instinct with peril; of the high intensification of both peril and excitement as the plane mounts above Tokyo and the moment comes for the bomb-bay doors to open. This is the moment towards which the film has been building from its earliest shots and it is achieved with an imaginative sweep and boldness that almost make the preliminary buildup worth while.

This is the remarkable part of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." The dubious part includes the performance of an aggressive Southern comic, and practically all the love-sequences. Celia Thaxter gives a pretty and sensitive performance as Mrs. Lawson, and the acting of Van Johnson as Captain Ted Lawson is admirably steady and honest throughout. Yet their scenes together are always embarrassingly false. This is obviously not the fault of the players but of the script writer whose notion of working up a moving human situation is to pull out the Vox Humana stop and pump the sentiment out in long pulsing waves.

An Irrelevance

The raid over Tokyo is by this time a memorable part of history; and the truth is that the domestic life of flyers and the touching pregnancies of their wives is extraneous to history. All that was needed for drama or emotion was already there, in the story of the training, the journey and the long torturing return of Doolittle's raiders.

Even if the personal story had been aptly and freshly told, it would still have seemed irrelevant, since it is impossible to cross fact with fancy on the screen without breeding confusion. Thus the lively impression left in the public mind by General Doolittle intrudes constantly on Spencer Tracy's level performance in the Doolittle role, though when it is all over it is Doolittle rather than Spencer Tracy you are likely to remember. (On the other hand, the typical defender of Wake Island will never be some nameless and heroic marine, but William Bendix in a typical role.)

"Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" passes its peak with the raid over the Japanese capital, but there are still some fine and moving scenes to come. In the sequences showing Lawson's rescue by Chinese guerrillas, the story obviously follows closely on the original record. Here as everywhere in the picture, the record is enough. If the makers of the film had followed it implicitly, omitting all the familiar marginal comment, they would undoubtedly have given us the finest fighting picture since the war began.

Underground Nazi

Since "The Master Race" deals with the impending movement underground of the Nazi Party it has at least the virtue of timeliness. It is the story of a Nazi officer (George Couloris) who hides out in a Belgian village occupied by the Allies, where he busies himself congenially at making all the mischief possible among the various village elements. He manages to get in a good deal of complicated dirty work before he is finally caught and brought to trial. The usual ideological debate is included at this point —("In the next war you will fall into our hands like rotten fruit" . . . "Listen, people like you will never get to first base in a healthy world. . . .")—but in the end the Nazi villain pays off at the hands of a firing squad in the presence of a large and appreciative village audience and the American officer in charge (Stanley Rodges) goes back to his interrupted task of reorganization. It is an earnest and well-intentioned film but it still leaves you with the suspicion that the world isn't quite so healthy or the reorganization of occupied territory quite so simple as the makers of "The Master Race" would have us believe.

"Candida" is by now a period piece however and like many period pieces tends to go a little stiff in production. For this reason it demands exceptional fluency and smoothness on the part of its actors who are faced with the problem of putting on a brilliant but slightly old-fashioned debate without benefit of action. Unfortunately the current presentation at the Royal Alexandra was rather jerky and uneven. As Candida, Elissa Landi, though beautiful to look at, showed a tendency to over-emphasize her role, Bram Nossen, as the Reverend James Morell varied between excessive calm and extravagant despair, and Richard Hylton, as Marchbanks, seemed determined to represent both love and the poetic state as the final stages of nervous breakdown.

The Shavian wit is the special and frequently the only dynamic in Shaw comedy. Would it be too great an innovation if the actors in Shavian comedy were to relax a little and take it easy, leaving the fireworks to the author? Anyway it might be worth trying.

THE THEATRE

Perennial Comedy Sparkles Yet

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

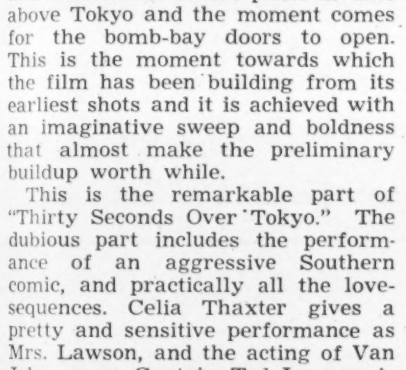
"CANDIDA" was undoubtedly a long way ahead of her time when she first appeared on the English comedy stage. But that was a good many years ago—so long ago that it is now possible to look at her in retrospect and to recognize that the Shaw heroine though admirable was perhaps a shade too nobly planned for warning, comforting and (especially) commanding. Then too, there have been innumerable Candidas since Shaw invented the original—in fact some of her less literate descendants turn up recognizably in soap opera serials—and though the Shavian heroine is still the brightest of the lot she has been considerably dimmed over the years by imitation and repetition. She survives, I suspect, chiefly because she represents every wise and good woman's private and gratifying estimate of herself.

Ironing day's a trying day — but there's Quick Comfort in a cup of TENDER LEAF TEA

At your grocer's in convenient size packages . . . also in improved FILTER tea balls.

EXTRA EARLY NEW TOMATO

Early Chatham



Earliest Quality Tomato Yet Developed — Valuable For All Parts of Canada

Of immense value for the North and West and other short season districts. Highly desirable for all other areas too as an extra early sort producing fine quality ripe fruit as much as two weeks or more before most other varieties. Proved a sensation on the Prairies in 1943 and 1944, including such districts as Lethbridge and Brooks, Alta.; Indian Head and Swift Current, Sask.; Brandon and Morden, Man. Around Calgary, where first distributed under the name of "Alberta", gardeners were simply "wild" about it. At Lethbridge Early Chatham ripened a week to twelve days before other extra early varieties. At Morden, Man., it has yielded as much as 20% to 40% greater crops than other good earlies. Early Chatham is dwarf, non-staking, and may be planted as closely as two feet each way. Fruits uniform, fine shape and colour; delicious quality. Average about 2¼ inches across but frequently larger. Order direct from this advertisement. As seed is not yet plentiful we cannot offer larger quantities than listed. **(Pkt 15¢) (oz 75¢) postpaid.**

FREE—OUR BIG 1945 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK—Leads Again sow

DOMINION SEED HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, ONT

CONCERNING FOOD

Date in the Hand Worth Several on Palm Tree at the Oasis

By JANET MARCH

THERE was quite a crowd around the counter in the chain store where raisins and prunes occasionally make their appearance. Women extracted themselves from the jam wearing pleased expressions as they clutched smallish paper bags. In fact the event had all the earmarks of something very rich and rare making a personal appearance. It was dates, and apparently from some far distant Eastern spot for the bag bore the rather ominous legend "These dates are packed under the most modern sanitary conditions known in country of growth but for your double protection we recommend they be thoroughly washed before using." I grabbed our quota and went home to look up all the date recipes which had been put away for the duration.

Dates grow on palms, as you no doubt know, and the only place where I have met palms in any quantity, save the potted variety behind which musicians sit, is on the Riviera. There they rattle in the mistral and sound like bits of rustling brown paper tacked up on eighty foot poles. I believe the Riviera brand refuses to grow dates—probably as a protest for being asked to exist away from the tropics. After my first acquaintance with a palm tree I always wondered how you managed to climb the things to get to the dates when you at last staggered in, starving and thirsty, to an oasis which wasn't a mirage. Perhaps tall step ladders are standard equipment. Palm trees are very useful things to have around for the trunk can be made into lumber, the leaves into thatch and the stalks of the leaves are used to make cord.

All in all it's too bad we can't have a few rattling palm trees in these parts, particularly if they would be kind enough to grow dates. As the thermometer has once more taken a dive below zero the whole thing seems out of the question. Those who have eaten fresh dates say they taste completely different and much finer than the dried-out article we get, but even the rather scrubby looking ones I got last week tasted pretty fine to me. I ate a few on the way home, ignoring the directions about washing and only thinking for a split second of how unpleasant tropical diseases can be. Then I made the rest into a batch of date bars and basked in popularity for a few hours, which was as long as the date bars lasted.

Date Bars

1 cup of flour
1 cup of rolled oats
¾ cup of brown sugar
½ pound of pitted dates
½ cup of water
1 teaspoon of vanilla
¾ cup of shortening
Salt

Cream the shortening and sugar well together and then sift in the flour and salt and add the rolled oats. Heat the half pound of pitted dates with the half cupful of water and ¼ cup of brown sugar. Stir to avoid sticking till the mixture is smooth, then add the vanilla. Butter a baking pan, and spread half the flour and oats mixture on the bottom of the pan, cover with a layer of the date mixture and put the rest of the flour mixture on top. Bake in a slow oven, around 300 to 315 for about an hour.

Date Tapioca

2 cups of milk
2 tablespoons of minute tapioca
⅓ cup of sugar
2 eggs
¼ teaspoon of salt
1 teaspoon of vanilla
1 cup of chopped pitted dates

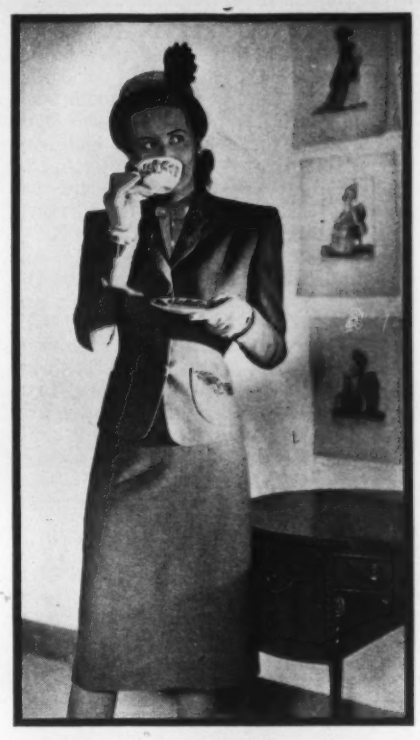
Heat the milk in the top of the double boiler and then add the tapioca and cook for fifteen minutes. Add half the amount of sugar to the milk and the other half to the two egg yolks. Add the salt to the egg yolks and pour the hot milk and tapioca slowly onto the egg yolks stirring al the while. Then replace in the double boiler and cook till the mixture thickens. Cool slightly and add the chopped dates and vanilla and put to chill in a pudding dish. When cold top with the beaten whites of the two eggs and serve.

Date Strips

½ pound of pitted dates
1 cupful of walnuts or almonds
1 teaspoon of baking powder
4 tablespoons of flour
2 eggs
⅓ cupful of sugar
Salt
Vanilla

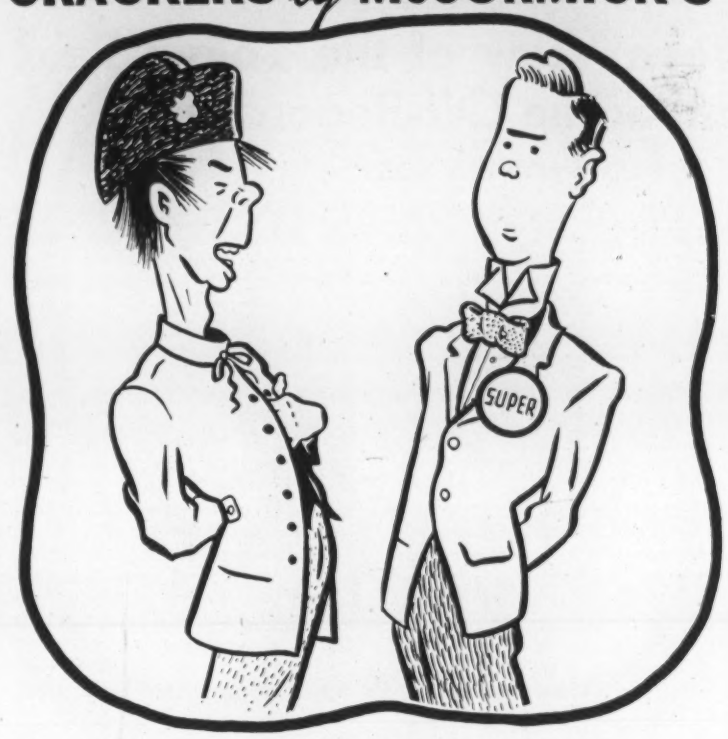
This recipe is best with walnuts, but they are not always to be had while almonds seem more plentiful. Beat the eggs well and then add the sugar, and sift in the flour, baking powder and salt. Chop the dates finely and cut the nuts up in smallish pieces—don't put them through a nut mill though. Add the dates and nuts to the egg mixture and pour into a buttered pan and bake in an oven at about 350 for about twenty minutes. When partly cold cut in strips of the desired size.

Let's hope dates are really back with us for they are so sweet that they are a great help in cooking in these sugar-short days.



As smart for afternoon tea as for an early morning committee meeting or an on-into-evening engagement, this Philip Mangone suit of grey wool can be dressed either up or down with accessories. The jacket tapers from wide shoulders to a slim waist, and has a collar and pockets lightly embroidered in steel beads.

CRACKERS by McCORMICK'S



A new employee in an insane asylum was approached by one of the inmates.
"Who are you?" asked the patient.
"Well, if you must know, I'm the new superintendent."
"Oh, it won't take them long to knock that out of you," said the patient. "I was Napoleon when I first came here."

MORAL—It won't take long to prove the quality of McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas—just try them.

McCORMICK'S JERSEY CREAM SODAS
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CANADA'S FAVOURITES FOR OVER 80 YEARS

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CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S
PURE SEVILLE ORANGE
MARMALADE
Famous for a century, now identified by the world-known RED Label on the One-Pound Jar.

"Buy Bitter—It's Better"

Sing a song of jingling dimes,
Fickle are the girls sometimes—
But true is the love of a pretty maid
For Aylmer Orange Marmalade!

Extra Wholesome and Crammed with Flavor

As popular as a pretty girl . . . *Aylmer* Pure Orange Marmalade has a grand tangy taste that tempts even lagging appetites! And small wonder, for a special *Aylmer* process brings out the full flavor of the finest, juiciest oranges. What's more, all the flavor and goodness is vacuum-sealed in the jar for keeps . . . along with precious vitamins and minerals. So always choose *Aylmer*—pasteurized for purity!

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Canada's Best Seller . . . on Quality and Flavor

GIVE HIM THE FOODS HE NEEDS AND ENJOYS
Naturally the foods you give your infant cannot, because of his delicate digestive system, be enriched with the seasonings that liven adult meals. But taste Heinz Strained Foods yourself and you'll see that they have a fresh, natural flavour. Vitamins and minerals, too, are retained in high degree because of Heinz insistence on freshness and scientific cooking.
HEINZ STRAINED FOODS
HEINZ
57

Chinese Are Old Hands at Making Much Out of Little Food

By MABEL STEGNER

AS MEASURED by our standards, food is not plentiful in China, but even in the less privileged homes it is prepared with loving care and amazingly scientific methods. The Chinese method of cooking vegetables just tender-crisp in a small amount of liquid—is one that nutrition authorities have been advocating since research proved that this method saves precious vitamins and minerals.

The Chinese know, too, how to make a little meat and fowl go a long way. One-half to one pound of meat, skillfully combined with vegetables, will flavor a main course, generously serving four people.

For seasoning main course dishes, their famous soy sauce, which takes the place of salt and other spices, is used. In addition, many of their dishes include a bit of ginger root or powdered or preserved ginger. When soy sauce is difficult to obtain, as sometimes happens, you can make your own Mock Soy Sauce and store it in the refrigerator, to be used as needed.

Moo-Goo-Gai-Tong

(Chicken-and-Mushroom Soup)

¼ cup celery, finely diced
1 tablespoon onion, chopped
1 ounce egg noodles (½ cup)
4 cups chicken broth
½ cup green peas, cooked
1 4-ounce can sliced mushrooms (¾ cup)

Place celery, onion, noodles and chicken stock in a pan and cook covered, for 10 minutes. Add cooked peas and mushrooms, heat thoroughly, and serve immediately.

This recipe makes a satisfying main course for four.

Yok-kow Nar-Choy

(Meat Balls with Soy Beans)

½ pound lean beef, ground
3 tablespoons fat
2 teaspoons salt
4 tablespoons onion, chopped
1 clove garlic, chopped
1 cup celery, sliced diagonally
1 cup cooked carrots, sliced diagonally
2 cups sprouted soybeans, or lima beans
1 cup beef stock or bouillon
1 bunch watercress
1 teaspoon powdered ginger
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1 tablespoon soy sauce
¼ cup water

Shape meat into 12 small balls. Sauté in fat until brown; add salt, onion, and garlic. Cover and cook 5 minutes. Add celery, carrots, soybeans, beef bouillon and the stems of the watercress cut into ½ inch lengths. Cover the pan tightly and cook for 10 minutes, or until vegetables are tender. Mix together ginger, cornstarch, soy sauce and water to form a smooth paste. Add this to the hot mixture, and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add coarsely chopped watercress leaves. Serve immediately with hot cooked rice, noodles or macaroni.

Chicken for the week-end? If you have a cupful of cooked diced chicken left over try:

Chung-Dow-Gai

(Chicken, Peas and White Turnips)

2 tablespoons onion, chopped
4 tablespoons fat
2 chicken bouillon cubes
1 cup vegetable liquor
1 cup green peas, cooked
1 cup cooked white turnips, cut in ¼ inch dice
1 cup chopped cooked celery
1 4-ounce can sliced mushrooms (¾ cup)
1 cup diced cooked chicken
1 teaspoon salt
dash of pepper
2 tablespoons cornstarch
2 teaspoons soy sauce
¼ cup water

Sauté onions in fat until golden brown. Dissolve bouillon cubes in hot vegetable liquor, and add to onions, together with peas, turnips, celery, mushrooms, chicken, salt and pepper. Cover pan tightly and cook over moderate heat for 5 minutes, or until thoroughly hot. Mix together cornstarch, soy sauce, and water to form a smooth paste. Add this to the hot mixture, and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Serve immediately with freshly cooked rice.

To top off a Chinese meal, serve a sweet such as almond cakes or peanut cookies.

Hung Yeng Bing

(Almond Cakes)

1 cup shortening
1/3 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2/3 cup ground blanched almonds, or
2/3 cup fine soy grits
1 tablespoon milk
1 tablespoon almond flavoring
1 2/3 cups sifted flour
24 blanched almonds (about 1½ ounces)

Cream shortening until soft and smooth; gradually add sugar, creaming until fluffy. Add salt. Stir in ground almonds or soy grits. Add milk and flavoring and mix thoroughly. Sift in flour, and knead lightly into a smooth ball. Chill for 10 minutes. Form into 1¼-inch balls and place on ungreased baking sheet. Press down with palm to make cake about 1/3 inch thick. Put blanched almond in center of each cookie. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) for about 12 minutes. Remove from baking sheet.

If you cannot buy real soy sauce, here is an excellent substitute:

Mock Soy Sauce

6 tablespoons molasses
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce

Combine ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pour into jar, cover tightly and store in refrigerator until needed.

Yok-se Moo-Goo Ju-Mein

(Fried Noodles with Shredded Pork and Mushrooms)

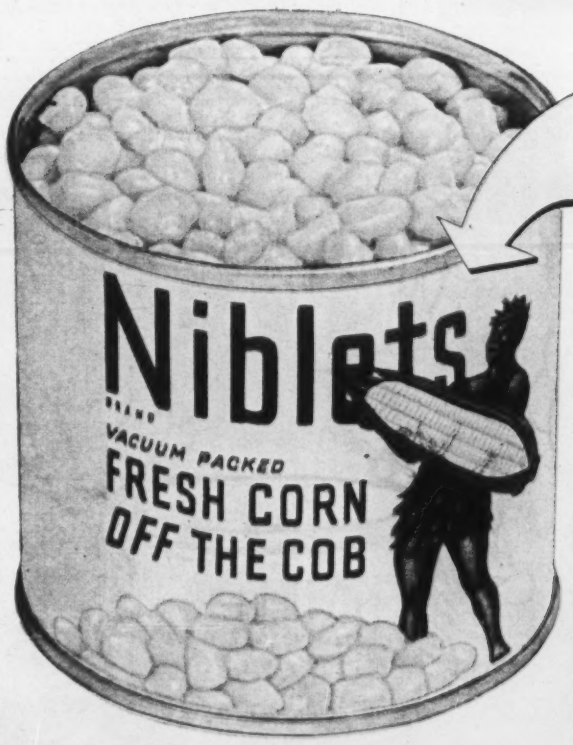
4 ounces fine egg noodles (2 cups)
1 quart boiling water
1 tablespoon salt
1 4-ounce can mushrooms (¾ cup), drained
½ cup shredded roast pork
1 tablespoon parsley, chopped
3 tablespoons fat.

Cook noodles in boiling salted water 9-10 minutes or until tender. Drain in strainer and rinse in cold water to remove starch and prevent stickiness. Spread on flat dish and place in refrigerator for 1 hour. Add mushrooms, pork and parsley. Melt fat in 8 or 9-inch frying pan. Pat down noodle mixture and cook uncovered over moderate heat about 20 minutes or until a brown crust forms on the under side. Turn carefully with a pancake turner. Brown on the other side and serve immediately. This makes an excellent, easily-prepared luncheon dish.

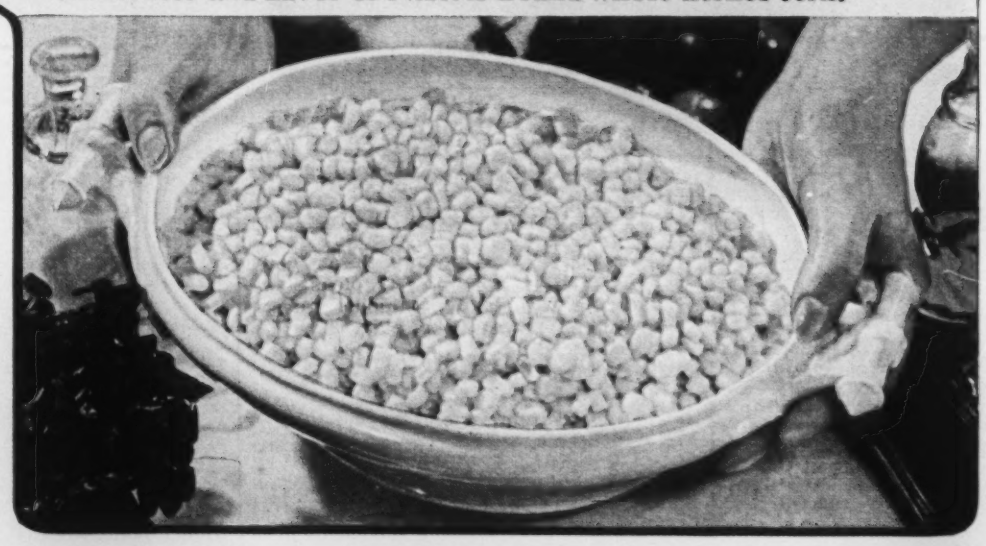
ADHA-NOMS

[These eight characters may look like Greek to you—but they are a code mark which tells a life story of Niblets Brand whole kernel corn to us. See can below.]

Our Key—This cryptic group of letters changes with every lot. It tells us the complete story—exactly when, where and how each and every can of Niblets Brand whole kernel corn was grown and packed.



Your Key—The label with the jolly Green Giant on it tells you all you need to know to be sure of getting the quality, tenderness and flavor of Niblets Brand whole kernel corn.



Regardless of the field it came from, or the day of the month it was picked and canned (which our key tells us), the Green Giant on the label tells you that it was grown from our own exclusive breed (D-138) and *"packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor"*—young and tender, good and golden.

Packed by Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario. Also packers of Green Giant Brand Peas.

NIBLETS Brand whole kernel CORN

THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Howard and the Verdict of the Women of the Jury of the Air

By FLORIS CLARK McLAREN

EDNA was listening to one of her endless after-dinner programs as Howard picked up his coat. Edna had a long list of favorite programs, from "John's Other Wife" and "Valiant Lady" through Mr. Anthony. Howard was away during most of them, and he had learned to read without hearing the others. She looked up now and frowned slightly, seeing him ready to go out.

"I don't see why you have to work again tonight."

Howard glanced at his wrist-watch. All his movements were quick and nervous.

"I'll wait for the eight o'clock news" he said, sitting down on the edge of a chair. The radio voice continued smoothly—

". . . . and so, ladies of the Radio Jury, this woman is not anxious for the increased salary her husband would receive. She values more than money the companionship and home life they already have."

Howard moved his head sideways impatiently. Then a man's voice, natural and slightly irritated, suddenly claimed his complete attention.

"Ladies, you overlook an essential element of the situation. This man has an obligation to his Company. His training with this firm has been a preparaton for just such a responsibility. He has no right now to let the Company down by refusing such a promotion and such an opportunity."

"Objection!" That was a woman's voice.

Petticoat Rule

A gavel rapped firmly. Another woman's voice took control.

"Yes, Mrs. Wilson, will you state your objection."

A throaty club-woman's voice came over the airwaves.

"Yes, Madam Chairman, I will. A man's family obligations come first. His firm has no right to ask him to take a position which means breaking up his home. . . ."

"Madam Chairman," the man's voice interrupted with an indignation that was somehow too naked for the setting of a radio program. The women might have been reading reports at an annual meeting, but hearing the man, Howard knew the problem was genuine.

"Madam Chairman, we are not dealing with any question of breaking a home. We have the problem of a woman of thirty-seven whose husband has been offered an important position which will take him away from her and his two children for a period of two years. It involves residence in a foreign country, and a considerable amount of hardship and even danger. By taking it, he will be financially able to assure the education and future stability of his family . . . . to realize some of his ambitions. If his wife really loved him. . . ."

The chairwoman's gavel pounding loudly drowned out his words.

"Mr. Reynolds, you are out of order. The Woman's Jury of the Air is here to decide not whether this woman loves her husband, but whether she should let him take this position."

Howard was sitting rigid in his chair. There was something indecent about hearing a human being's life settled this way in your living-room. 'Let him take it.' My God! The thing was . . . . it was an insult to the dignity of the human spirit. No adult "let" another adult do anything. The 'Woman's Jury of the Air' indeed! The Thursday Afternoon Sewing Circle on a national hook-up! And the chairwoman sounded like Edna's friend Mrs. Milton J. Porter explaining that her husband never could take more than two cocktails because he had a weak stomach. Suppose Madam High-and-Mighty up there were offered a fat lecture tour of women's clubs. Would she ask a businessmen's "jury" if her husband should let her go?

Howard looked across the room at Edna. Her head was bent over her needlepoint so that the extra chin she strapped up at night was very visible. The corner of her mouth was drawn up just a trifle. Howard knew that expression. It was slightly petulant and entirely stubborn and he had met it many times in the past fifteen years. She was identifying herself completely with the wife of the radio program. Only Howard wasn't being offered a two-year contract in Arabia or Mexico or Chile. . . . He was on his way back to the office to see that the stock-taking was finished before the week-end. And he wasn't leaving his wife with two children because Edna had argued that they couldn't afford even one. But they had to have a Wedgwood dinner set. And if he did want to go to Chile, by God what right would Edna have to stop him.

Mr. Reynolds on the radio had got his voice and his temper under complete control. Howard could feel him rallying all his tact and applied psychology for his final appeal.

"I beg your pardon, Madam Chairman and Ladies. Let me put it this way. You must all know that a man's success or failure in his chosen work is deeply, vitally important to him. If this man now is held back from accepting this position which sets the seal of success on his own career, it may so destroy his self-confidence and ambition that he will change completely as a person . . . . in fact he may never come within reaching distance of success or even of happiness again. He has shown himself unusually thoughtful and considerate in consulting his wife before deciding this matter. Now I feel that his wife must prove herself a person of equally great understanding, and make it possible for her husband to make his own decision with an easy mind. I am quite sure, ladies, that each of you, placed in the same position, would be strong enough and intelligent enough to tell your husband that he must accept the offer if he wished to do so."

Made His Point

Howard realized that he was sitting tensely upright and his heart was beating loudly. The fellow had made his point. He'd never got it into words himself, but there it was. That ought to crack into their blinkered smugness. The integrity of the individual. The bill of rights of the spirit.

There was a moment of dead air. Howard waited. The forewoman's voice came impressively.

"Madame Chairman, the jury has reached a decision."

"Thank you, Mrs. Wilson. Will you give us the decision."

"The Woman's Jury of the Air have decided by a vote of ten to two that this woman should *not* allow her husband to take this position."

Edna, in her corner, drew a long breath. The corner of her mouth drew up until she was almost smiling. Howard found himself on his feet. He clapped his hat on his head and he was trembling. His voice was hoarse and louder than he intended.

"All right. But a man can go on living in his own house and be further away than if he'd gone to Chile."

He saw Edna's face, open-mouthed and completely blank with astonishment, before he closed the door and walked with the short jerky steps of anger out to the street.

GEORGE AGED THREE

He didn't forget to say thank you,
He didn't forget to say please,
Georgie was being a model guest,
And I was quite at ease.

Then Grandmother passed the apple juice—
And Grandma's a teetot-ling dear,
Yes, Georgie remembered his *manners*,
"Thank you, I'd love some beer!"

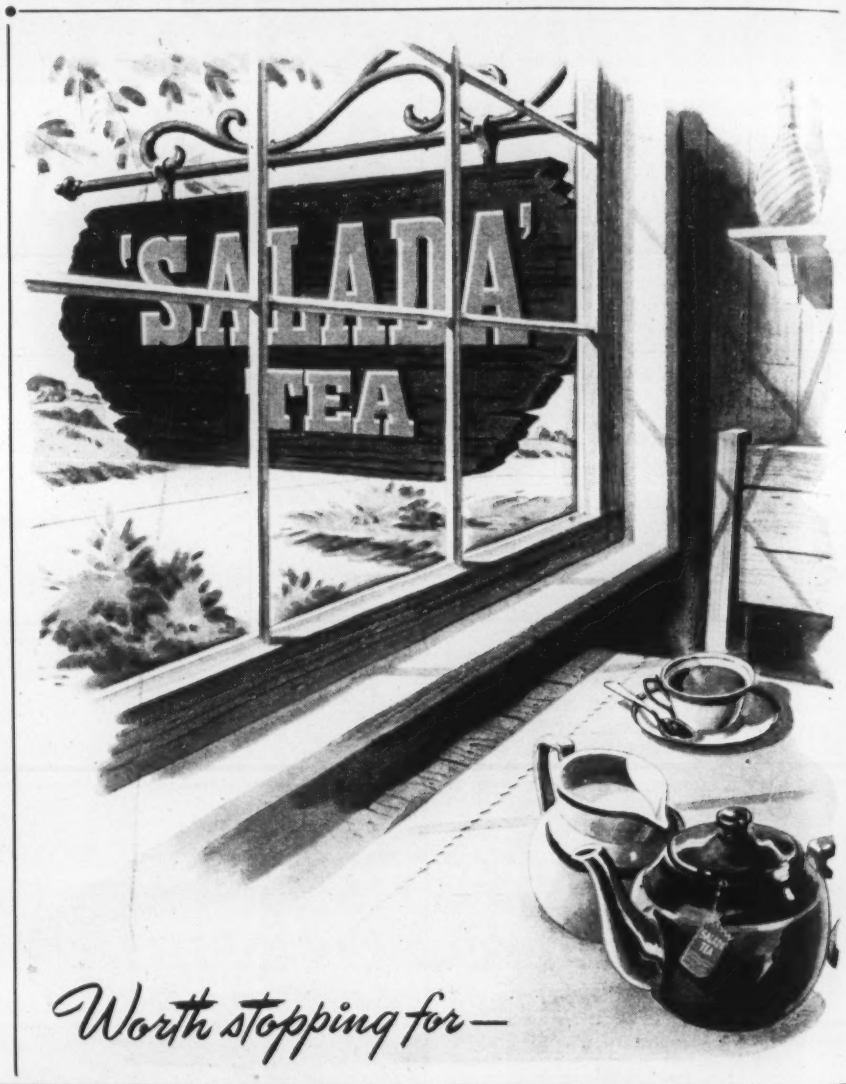
LOIS KERR.

Be-Jewelled "Honors of Scotland" Centre of Plots and Battles

By ARTHUR NETTLETON

OF THE several crowns symbolizing the Sovereignty of King George VI, the one with the most absorbing story is not to be found among the regalia normally housed in the Tower of London. Though the English regalia, including the famous King Edward's Crown and the Imperial State Crown, are normally kept in the strongly guarded Jewel House of the medieval London fortress, 400 miles separate them from their lesser-known but in many ways even more notable Scottish counterpart.

When England and Scotland became united in 1707, the Act of Union provided for the retention of the "Honors of Scotland" (as the Scottish crown jewels are popularly called)



Worth stopping for—

If you are planning a winter visit to Old Quebec, make your headquarters at the Chateau Frontenac—twice chosen meeting place of world leaders. Revel in the tang of crisp air . . . explore quaint, snow-mantled streets . . . ski, if you wish, on nearby sun-bathed slopes.

Special European Plan rates for stay of two weeks or longer . . . or from $8 a day American Plan.

For booklet and reservations write Hotel Manager.

Chateau Frontenac
IN FRIENDLY OLD QUEBEC

Beauty begins with Luxuria

Cleanser and beautifier of supreme quality—the essential cream for a smooth, fresh skin. 1.40; 3.00

HARRIET HUBBARD Ayer

North of the Tweed. Their home is Edinburgh Castle, the ancient stronghold in the capital of Caledonia, and there they remain except when they are brought out on ceremonial occasions.

Few collections of regal articles have had a more colorful history than these Honors of Scotland. They include not only the bejewelled Scottish Crown but also the Scottish Sword of State and sundry other pieces. The Crown itself is believed to date from the time of Robert Bruce, and is thus more than 600 years old—much older than the Crown of England. Though the latter comprises jewels of great antiquity, it is actually a re-fashioned one, the old regalia having been broken up at the time of the Commonwealth.

Plot and counterplot, subterfuge and controversy—all have been associated with the Scottish regalia. When Cromwell's army crossed the Border, fears for the safety of the historic articles prompted measures for their protection. The Scottish crown jewels were taken secretly to Dunnottar Castle, on the rocky Scottish coast, there to be hidden from the approaching Puritan soldiers. The clansman entrusted with safeguarding the treasures was a certain Captain Ogilvie.

The Gallant Ogilvie

News of the hiding place reached the Cromwellian soldiers, however, and Dunnottar Castle was besieged. The garrison held out for some months, but were eventually compelled to surrender. The Puritan captors were at first elated by this easy victory; their glee turned to anger when they failed to find the regalia in the castle. Captain Ogilvie, who had been allowed to make honorable capitulation and march from the stronghold with colors flying, was accused of bad faith.

Recalled, he refused to reveal the whereabouts of the historic articles, and rumor said that they had been smuggled out of the country. Little did the investing Cromwellian soldiers realize that the Scottish Crown and other treasures were still in the castle.

The valuable objects remained there for some time, while the Scots planned to remove them. This was done by smuggling them out, one by one, until only one article—the Sword of State—remained. Too big to be carried away by any ordinary method, this sword had to be got out by some other trick.

It was eventually lowered from the castle to the rocks below, there to be picked up by the wife of a local clergyman. She avoided suspicion by posing as a collector of driftwood, and managed to carry the sword to Kineff Church unseen. There, together with the rest of the regalia, it was hidden under the chancel floor, and thus secreted the various crown jewels remained for a number of years.

When the Act of Union was passed in 1707, the Honors of Scotland again came into the news. Only a few members of the Scottish Parliament knew where the regalia was being kept at that time, and they divulged the secret only on condition that the Crown and its companion treasures were to be kept in Scotland. The Earl Marshal's deputy in Scotland was to be the custodian, and the storeplace was to be Edinburgh Castle.

The treasures were put into a chest and the lock was turned—and 111 years were to elapse before the contents were again brought out for official inspection! Only when wild rumors, culminating in 1818, stated that the Scottish crown jewels had been removed to England, did the authorities deem it wise to bring them out.

Half the population of Edinburgh congregated outside Edinburgh Castle to hear the result of the belated opening of the chest. Many bets were made on the outcome, some backers wagering ten to one that the regalia would not be found when the chest was unlocked. But they lost their money, the entire collection of royal objects being found within. Not a single article was missing or damaged.

Those are the crown jewels of Scotland today, and Edinburgh Castle is still their official home. They are fitting companions for the similar but more numerous regal treasures of England.

Today, no country in the world has a finer or more valuable royal regalia than Great Britain. Though the crown jewels were broken up at the time of the Commonwealth, the new regalia made at the time of the Restoration were designed as much as possible like the articles destroyed.

Black Prince's Ruby

They include jewels of fabulous value. Included in the Imperial State Crown, the heaviest British coronet, is the great ruby which was owned by the Black Prince. Its return to the royal treasures, after having been dispersed at the time of the Commonwealth, provides a mystery, for nobody knows how it came back. But of its intrinsic and historic value there is no question. It was worn in the helmet of Henry V at the Battle of Agincourt in 1415, and has been a royal treasure ever since, except during the Commonwealth.

The same coronet also includes a sapphire from the crown of Charles II, and another from the ring of Edward the Confessor. Altogether, it has 2,818 diamonds and 297 pearls as well!

A big search for European crown jewels, particularly those known to haye been kept in countries occupied by the Nazis, will be made in the immediate peace years. Italy's regalia was kept in underground vaults on an island in the Tiber, but most of the treasures have been stolen by the Nazis.

The most precious article kept in the vaults was the so-called "Iron Crown" of Lombardy. It gets its name from the fact that it incorporates a small iron circlet said to have been made from a nail of the Cross of Christ.

The whereabouts of the Austrian crown jewels are now similarly unknown, but if they can be located and brought together again, they will form a very valuable and historic collection. When the Austrian Republic was established in 1918, the regalia of the country became museum pieces, but they lost none of their intrinsic value. Previously, many of the jewels taken away by Napoleon had been restored. The most important item of the regalia is (or was) the Austrian Imperial Crown, containing scores of diamonds, sapphires, rubies, and pearls.

Bulgaria, too, had an immensely precious collection of crown jewels in the days when its Royal House were in power. The regalia was kept in a small castle on the Danube. Like most other crown treasures, they had a remarkable history, and it may yet be revealed that they are still intact.

Even when sovereigns are deposed, the symbols of their position are usually preserved, either secretly by loyal followers or by the State. The Italian "Iron Cross" of Lombardy was safeguarded under such conditions last century, and was restored intact to the Royal House in 1866, when Italian unity was completed and the House of Savoy were at the height of their power. This particular crown is believed to have been made in the 10th century.

The most notable disappearance of European regalia was that of the French crown jewels. Many of them vanished at the time of the Revolution. Most of those which remained were sold and dispersed last century. It is said that some of the jewels now exist in private collections in Britain. The French Imperial Crown was made for Charlemagne, and bore enamelled figures of Biblical characters as well as numerous precious stones.

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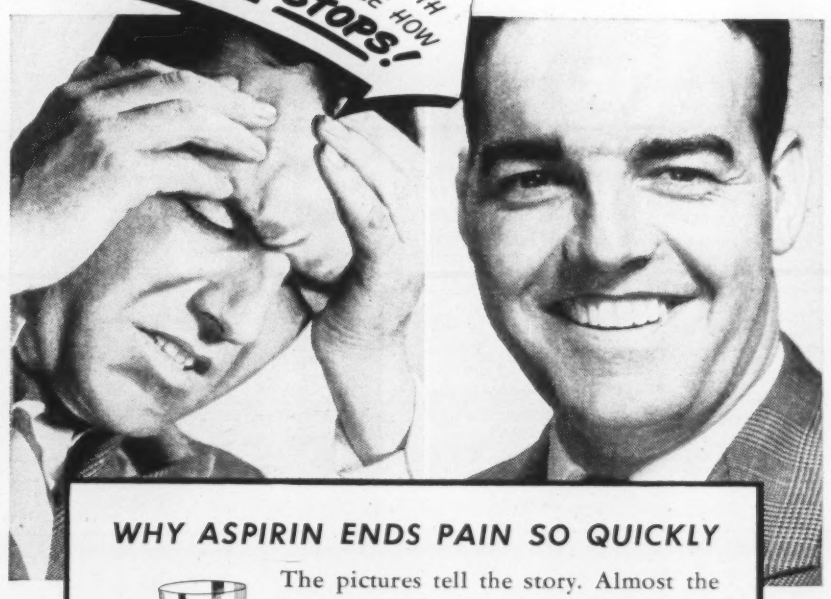

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THE OTHER PAGE

Building a Stack is Man's Work And Not for an Old, Old Man

By A. C. FORREST

IT WAS seven o'clock in the morning and the threshing hands were all ready in the Cameron barn. Old Hank Oliver put his oil-can away, said "All right, boys!" and waved a hand to his man outside on the tractor at the bottom of the gangway. The heavy belt gave a few slaps together, and the great dusty machine began to roll. Young Hec McLean on the table waited till it had picked up enough speed, and then on a nod from Hank began to stuff the wheat rakings into the feeder.

Up at the front of the separator, on top behind the big blower, old Billy Baker played with the ropes that shifted the hood and blew the straw where they wanted to build the stack out in the centre of the barn-yard. The hungry knives slashed at the rakings and drew them into the huge maw. The dust rolled back from the mouth of the feeder, and Billy listened to the banging of the clumps of dirt and stubble striking against the metal sides of the blower. Old Hank listened anxiously, everybody knew that he was going to listen until the rakings were all through, for sometimes a stone would be among them and cause trouble. The whole machine throbbed and shook like a great living thing.

Billy watched critically as one of the Cain boys began to build the stack outside. For years Billy had been recognized as the best stacker in the neighborhood, and the farmers used to flatter him by asking him days or weeks ahead if he would build their straw stack for them. But a few years ago they had started asking him to go on the blower. "Only a man who understands stacking can really run a blower," they told him, and then they would put some young chap on the stack.

Although it was much easier on him running the blower, and he did a good job there, he wasn't reconciled to it. He knew that running the blower was a job for old men and young boys. The kids hated it, for although it wasn't heavy it was monotonous, and a youngster always felt proud when he was taken off the blower and given a man's job in the mow. Any energetic young man in the community would have been insulted if he'd been asked to go on a blower, and Billy knew it.

Actually Billy Baker was the only old man at the threshings. He was a bachelor and worked a small farm, and didn't keep a man, so when the neighbors wanted a hand he had to go himself. But he liked to go to the threshings. He lived a lonely life, and he enjoyed being with the men. And as everyone suspected, he appreciated the good meals he got.

As he sat behind the blower and scowled out into the barn-yard he noticed how hot the sun was getting. The Cameron barns were in a horseshoe shape, cutting off the breeze, a help in windy weather, but bad for a stacker on a sweltering August day like this promised to be.

AS HE watched the blower he noticed the straw wasn't coming through very fast. He glanced back at the table. Hec McLean was a good lad and a steady feeder. They were through the rakings now, and had dug out the pitch-hole. Billy craned his neck and looked over the beam. There were only two men picking up sheaves in the long mow. "Must be pretty short of men," Billy muttered to himself. "There'll be a lot of that this year with so few hired men left, and so many of the farmer's sons joined up."

Concluding that it wasn't his worry, Billy settled back to his job on the blower, always watching and trying to send the straw just where the stacker wanted it. It had been said of him that he could build the stack himself with the blower and all the stacker needed to do was tramp. He never left the job either, like so many of the kids did. They were always going out to talk to the man on the tractor, or off getting a drink or some apples from the orchard.

A few minutes later Billy heard his name shouted. He looked around and Archie Cameron was beckoning him from the granary door. He set the blower, secured the ropes and then climbed down to see what Archie wanted. Archie led him out of the dust and noise of the barn to where they could talk on the gangway.

"I don't know what to do, Billy," he began. "We're short two hands in the mow, and we can't get another. Old Hank tells me that we're just running two-thirds capacity, and that means we won't be finished till tomorrow noon. One more good man in the mow might solve it.

"Now if I could take young Cain off the stack and put him in the mow," he went on, "they'd still be short-handed but could run it through, I think."

Billy got what Archie was driving at. He wanted him to offer to go out on the stack, but didn't like to ask him.

"Could you get someone to take my place on the blower?" he asked.

"I'd hate to ask you to go out in the straw, Billy," Archie said. "It's going to be a snorter of a hot day out there. But I could get young Harry Cain to run the blower. He's only ten years old but he's a smart little codger, and Hec says he ran the blower fine over at their place."

It made Billy mad to think that a ten-year-old could do his job on the blower. But Archie Cameron was a good neighbor and he wanted to help out. "Well, if you want me to build the stack, I'd better get out there right away, before young Cain gets it started lop-sided," he said gruffly.

THE hands all felt sorry for the old old man sweltering out there in the sun all day, tramping, tramping straw all the time. Every time Archie could get a break in the granary he'd go out and help out for a while. Harry Cain was only a little shaver but he tried hard. Sometimes he'd get the ropes tangled up and pull the wrong one and give Billy a blast of straw right in the face. The old man would turn his back and hunch his shoulders, huddling against the hot blizzard. Harry would yank the hood around, and then old Billy would scowl at him and shake his head. There was no use saying anything for the noise.

About five o'clock he began to peer down through the barn doors to see how much more there was in the mow. He'd have been annoyed if anyone thought he was anxious for quitting time. But so often they wouldn't tell him soon enough to get

The family welcomes you . . . Have a Coca-Cola

. . . or greeting new and old friends

Unexpected visitors can be expected in wartime. Sons bring home their wives. Soldiers on furlough drop in without notice. New neighbours come to call. With wartime shortages, a simple but hearty welcome is best. It's what you share in friendliness, not what you have, that counts.

There's no more friendly greeting than *Have a Coke*. And you can play host on a moment's notice when you have Coca-Cola on hand in your refrigerator. *Have a Coke* says *Welcome* . . . makes new and old friends feel at home with you and yours.

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called Coke.

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a proper cap on the stack. About a quarter to six old Billy climbed down the ladder and went up into the barn to take over the blower and cap it off from inside. Young Harry, dusty and tired but proud, waited eagerly for a word of praise from the old man, but all Billy said was, "Watch yerself or you'll fall."

By six o'clock the mow was all out and the fellows were cleaning up the floor. Billy finally lowered the blower and set it in place for moving out after supper. That made him later getting up for the meal than the others, who had mostly hurried on ahead to get to the tubs of water to wash while it was still reasonably clean.

HE FELT tired when he got to the table. He didn't eat very much but drank four or five cups of tea and listened to the rest of them talking and laughing. And he sat for a long time at the table after the young fellows had finished and gone out and he listened to Archie and Hank and some of the older men talking.

Finally he got up and said goodnight. Mrs. Cameron thoughtfully slipped him a little bag of biscuits and cookies and a pie. He went out the door and across the lawn and started down the Cameron's back lane. The hard earth felt good beneath the weary muscles of his legs after the long day's tramping in the soft straw. He pulled his old smock, darned with cord and fastened together with bits of binder-twine, tighter about him, for the cool night air felt chilling through his sweat-dampened shirt. The dark coolness felt good to his burning eyes though, for they were blood-shot and sore from the sun and the chaff, and his nostrils and ears were filled with smut and dust.

AS HE trudged along he wished that he didn't have his own chores all to do when he got home. As he crossed the road to his own lane he could see the cows standing at the barn-yard gate waiting patiently to be milked and he could hear the calves bawling in the orchard.

His old collie dog came out to meet him, and Billy spoke to him more softly than usual to-night. The dog sniffed about the paper bag and Billy opened it and fed him a biscuit. Then he gave him a couple of cookies, feeling very extravagant. Old Collie frisked about like he hadn't done since he was a pup, as though he were amazed and pleased at this friendliness in his master.

Billy walked on up to the house. He didn't go inside for he knew that it would be dirty and untidy and there was lots of work to be done there too. He gazed down at the waiting cows and glanced toward the hungry calves at the orchard bars. Then as though yielding to some temptation he settled down on the sagging old verandah and patted the dog's head. And although he was tired and uncomfortable, and his boots were full of straw and his socks full of beards, and his eyes burned and his head ached, and every bone was weary, Billy felt satisfied and happy.

For Archie Cameron had thanked him and told him that he had the best stack he'd ever seen in the barnyard. But what was better still, gruff old Hank Oliver, who had been going threshing since he was thirteen and seen a lot of stacks, said at supper and right in front of the women-folks too, that "You can say what you like, but Billy Baker is still the best dam' stacker in this part of the country."

• •

We Like the Story . . .

WE LIKE the story of the Public Opinion Investigator of the American troops invading Germany, who became a little tired of the unanimity with which German civilians assured him that they were all violently anti-Hitler. When the twenty-second examinee came along with this same story, the P.O.I. felt obliged to tell him that in the outer world the idea had become general that a large majority of the German people had rather enthusiastically supported Hitler, the Nazi party and the Nazi "weltanschauung".

"Don't you believe it, sir," cried the honest German. "Don't you believe a word of it. That is nothing but a pack of Jewish-pluto-democratic-Bolshevik lies."

•

AND this verbatim record of a streetcar conversation in Toronto:

"And how's your mother?"

"Oh, she's fine! Likes her work too except for the oil. It is sprayed on the lathe—sort of—and gets all over her slacks and overall and kerchief. You know if it ever gets in your hair it's turrible; even a permanent won't help it. And it smells so! Mother says she can't go nowhere any more, except to the movies. Then she always has lots of room. The people near her take about two sniffs and then hunt around for other seats. A while ago she fell on the shop-floor and dislocated her elbow. She was off for a week and even then you could smell her. Baths ain't no help. This week she has a grippy cold and is just lyin' around. She says the turpentine and goose grease she rubbed on her chest is a nice change. She wishes they would spray it on the lathes."

•

WE LIKE also the story of the young and definitely city-minded Progressive Conservative who, being booked to talk and take a somewhat prominent part in the procedings at the annual county fair in an agricultural Ontario riding, had the excellent idea of consulting the Hon. Howard Ferguson as to what to do and how to do it.

"My boy," said the universally beloved ex-Premier, "don't make the mistake of just saying your piece and then sitting back as if that was all you were interested in. Take a share in a lot of the things that go on. You will probably be the most prominent person at the fair, and I think you would be well advised to ask the master of ceremonies to let you lead the first prize bull in the procession around the fair grounds at the grand march. It's perfectly safe; the poor critter's nose is tied up so that he has to go wherever you steer him. You could do it with your little finger. And it will make an enormous impression on the crowd."

"But," said the city-minded P.C., "I don't like bulls."

"That's the trouble with the Progressive Conservative party," the ex-Premier is supposed to have replied. "It hasn't liked bulls for years. And how it ever expects to get anywhere in Canada without liking bulls is more than I can tell."

It should in fairness be added that Mr. John Bracken *does* like bulls.

•

THE controversy about Canon Ward's evening church broadcast over CFRB reminds a Montreal contributor of the episode which happened in one of the big churches of that city when the evening religious broadcast, which had been alternated among several different churches, was discontinued.

A small child who had been a regular attendant at the evening service, and who was well aware of the function of the little microphone standing up above the cushioned resting-place of the pulpit Bible, gazed in horror at the pulpit divested of this adornment, and whispered immediately to his mother: "Mummy, how on earth is God going to hear the prayers?"

Color Advertising

In spite of the fact that the Advertising Department of SATURDAY NIGHT accepts color advertising in less than half of its issues SATURDAY NIGHT carries more color advertising than any other periodical published in the Dominion.

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Britain Must Wed Free Capital and Control

By GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

With the future of Britain depending on the recapitalization of her industry a vital economic problem is how the necessary capital is to be secured.

So far as possible Mr. Layton says, there must be a free capital market, but at the same time there must be control to ensure that cost of loaning money doesn't rise to the point where it would interfere with desirable development.

London.

WHAT is capital? It is "the ability to wait"; it is "spare cash"; it is "withheld spending"; it is "accumulated wealth". It is all of these, and all the rest of the definitions that can be found in the economic textbooks, but it is also something more. It is in a true sense the lifeblood of industry and commerce, for initiative and development in these spheres are possible only when there is the "spare cash", which means material and plant and labor, available.

It is this interpretation of what capital means that is necessary to understand the great need of recapitalization in which British industry stands as it faces the postwar prospect.

When the U.S.S.R. embarked on its great programs of economic development, it required great sacrifices of its people so that the need of Russian industry for capital should be satisfied. The abstention from all but basically-necessary consumption by the Russians created the means for the prosecution of the vast economic plans. Now, when the British economy also confronts a vast program, industrialists are asking where the capital is to come from. Obviously, it will not come, as it came in Russia, in the shape of wealth directly withheld from immediate consumption. It will be "money capital", but neither will it come easily.

It would be possible for the Government to de-restrict the capital market, so that there was open competition for privately-held capital, but to do that would destroy the whole structure of priorities in reconstruction that has been devised with an eye to the maximum national benefit, and it would also destroy the cheap money policy to which the Government is pledged.

Some such project as the Bankers' Industrial Development Company, on a greatly expanded basis, might serve. The B.I.D. did useful work before the war in financing certain industrial projects, but did little to answer the critics who did not like the tune called by the authorities who paid the piper.

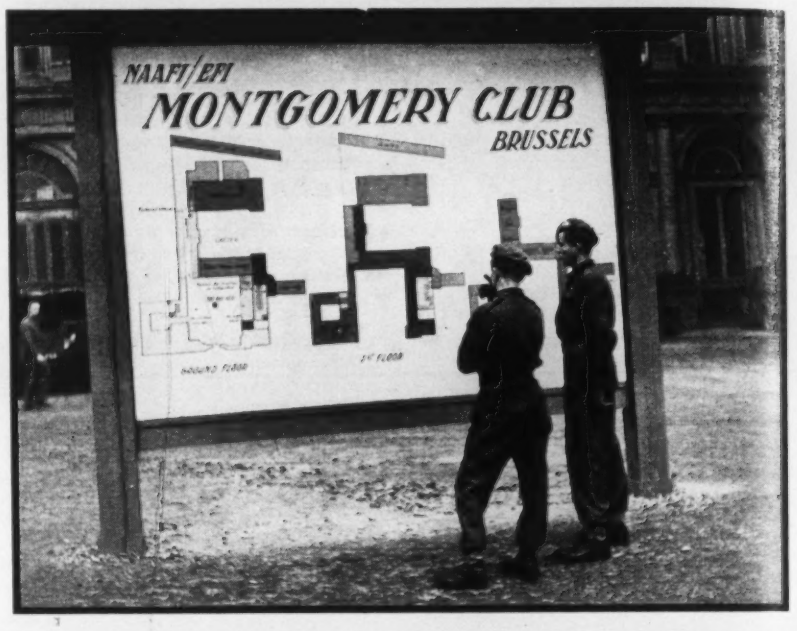
A central organization formed by the banks, and free from any suggestion of official control, is also possible.

Plans Under Way?

Current rumor in the City of London reports that the banks have in fact gone some way towards the finalizing of plans for a new organization, capitalized at £20,000,000, to supply industry's short-term credit requirements. If this is indeed the figure determined, the supply will be hopelessly inadequate for the de-

(*Continued on Page* 39)

Brussels Palace Welcomes Men on 48 Hour Leave



Troops on 48 hours leave from the fighting fronts in Belgium and Holland are welcomed to the palatial Montgomery Club in Brussels. Once the Palais d'Egmont, a fine Louis XVI building with about 350 rooms, it can accommodate around 10,000 troops a day. Owing to its colossal size these two lads study the plan of the place before entering. Like most of the boys fresh from the fighting zones, their first thought is for a shower—"But hang on a minute, Charlie, there's a waiting room where you can get a spot of tea while awaiting your turn for a bath-ticket." And that pretty girl attendant is not the least of the attractions!

Below: Now into the warm showers. But wait a moment. The valet wants to collect your pants. For 48 hours at least, they live the life of Riley.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

We Can't Afford Inefficiency

By P. M. RICHARDS

LAST week this paper published an article of especial significance in view of the coming general election and the trend toward acceptance of governmental control of the economy as a social-economic cure-all. It compared government methods of doing business with civilian to the very decided disadvantage of the former, as observed over a period of nearly five years by a businessman turned naval officer. The author, R. E. Smythies, is a Canadian who served with the British Navy in the last war and with the Canadian Navy in this one, though this time, being somewhat older, he had to take an administrative job ashore, at Esquimalt, B.C. So far as this paper is aware, Mr. Smythies was grinding no political axe in writing this article. He was so shocked by the inefficiency and extravagance he saw all around him that he felt it his duty, after his discharge from service, to give the public the facts.

He says that buildings, equipment and methods of carrying on the various activities were out of date and very inefficient by comparison with modern industrial practice; that no one except himself (and as the mere holder of a temporary commission in the R.C.N.V.R., his views were "supremely unimportant") showed any concern as to whether methods were efficient or not; that the fact that a job might be done with one quarter of the labor, or at a fraction of the cost, meant nothing; "in fact it really seemed as if general opinion was in favor of continuing to do any job by the method that employed the largest number of men."

Everything Referred to Ottawa

The smallest details of naval undertakings at Esquimalt had to be referred to Ottawa for approval and decisions were sometimes not received for several weeks or months. The shifting of Mr. Symthies' telephone was approved in the relatively short time of six weeks, after which a telephone man did the job in twenty minutes. A minor project costing $2,000 took fifteen months to complete, instead of about three weeks. Etc., etc.

The C.C.F.'ers, who want to bring all production and trade under the close control of government, will say that Smythies must have a gripe about something, that he does not present a true picture of government business methods. But the present writer has heard many businessmen temporarily holding responsible wartime posts under government say privately much the same things. Some, at least, of today's government controllers will go back to private life more confirmed individualists than ever.

One doesn't have to be anti-C.C.F. and a capitalist, or anything else in particular for that matter, to view with alarm the extension of government control and operation of Canadian production and trade, if it is to be markedly less efficient than private enterprise. Such opposition can well be classless and non-political. For nothing is more sure than that under the world economic conditions which seem likely to exist in the early postwar years at least, Canada, with her large dependence on export markets for the disposal of her products, must be able to compete as to prices with other suppliers if she is to get the business of foreign buyers.

Without that export trade, Canada would have large unemployment and a sharply-reduced standard of living, and government make-work schemes would quickly cause an inflationary rise in prices that would do serious harm to the whole economy and particularly to the wage and salary earners and others on fixed incomes. Canada must "export or die" because a large part of her production consists of wheat, minerals and lumber, very much more than the people of Canada can possibly consume themselves, and she has to be able to sell the surplus in order to have the means of buying the oil, coal and winter vegetables she does not produce herself.

Must Have an Expanding Economy

The burden of taxes to take care of our big social welfare program and to service our enormous and still growing public debt will be so heavy that probably only by making the most effective use of our economic resources shall we be able to carry it. Therefore we must have a vigorous, expanding, soundly-fibred and well-knit economy, not a weak, loose, static or declining one. We most certainly cannot afford waste and inefficiency, whether in private or government enterprise. To do so on any sizable scale would almost certainly bring early disaster.

In respect of the age-old controversy between the advocates of state-operated and privately-operated enterprise, it is well to remember that a cardinal virtue of the latter system is that it liquidates its own errors and inefficiencies; that is, it does so in an area of free and active competition. Enterprises enjoying monopolistic powers and privileges may make profits, perhaps very substantial profits, and at the same time be wasteful and inefficient in their methods. This consideration applies, of course, to governmental as well as private monopolies. The only answer, in our effort toward future efficiency, is that we must not tolerate monopolies. Powerful private-capitalist interests protect many present monopolies; powerful state-capitalist or national-socialist interests are working to set up new monopolies to be operated by government. Both are destructive of our national well-being, and must themselves be resisted and destroyed.

It seems to add up to this: that while government ownership and operation tends by its very nature to be inefficient, wasteful and unprogressive, private enterprise, to be free of these defects, must be genuinely and fully competitive and free from unnecessary and hampering restrictions. This column believes that only such genuinely free enterprise can meet our national needs in the difficult years ahead.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Inflation and Good War News Give Impetus to Gold Stock Buying

By JOHN M. GRANT

AS THE first month of 1945 reached its end gold stocks were definitely in the ascendant, furnishing a display of activity and advancing prices unparalleled for at least eight years. The volume of trading in mining shares listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange exceeded 1,000,000 shares for three days, topping 1,500,000 for two of these, while the gold index (for 20 stocks) touched a five-day peak of 118.94 on January 29, all of which made it increasingly evident that the postwar prospects of the yellow metal were being appreciated by investors and speculators. As interest broadened a couple dozen or more stocks established new highs for periods ranging from four years to all-time.

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Prominent in the rush to buy stocks which predominated trading was United States money although other facts stood out in the wide upturn and pretentious volume of dealings in the golds. Some of the buying from across the border was attributed to fears of inflation as well as to the outlook for the industry when Germany is finally defeated. Also of significance in the market's performance were the favorable war developments, with the Russians fast approaching Berlin, as well as the large amount of money available in the country for investment and venture speculation. The "boomlet" in the golds, however, is not due this time to any effort of the promoters, being much more solid with a large proportion of the buying in the senior and secondary golds, or the high and medium-priced stocks. In fact, in addition to a realization of the part gold will play in the world monetary picture after the war the demand was also a reflection of the expectation that gold mining will be one of the first industries to appreciably benefit after the cessation of hostilities and adequate manpower is again available.

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Early in the new year the mining market resumed where it left off in 1944 with a strong trend, but it was mainly in the specialties, such as those where diamond drilling campaigns were proceeding. It was not long, however, before buying of the yellow metal shares spread and this was largely under the stimulus of New York buying of the senior interlisted Canadian golds. The market then gradually broadened out with the seniors still in the forefront of the upswing, although the base metals did little marketwise due to the postwar uncertainties. Interest in golds continued strong on the part of American investors with their attention turning to the medium priced issues and in the final days of the month the gold market really turned spectacular.

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All-time highs were attained by such stocks as McIntyre, Bralorne, Chesterville, Cochenour-Willans, Coin Lake, Golden Manitou, Louvicourt Goldfields, Madsen, Northern Canada, Thompson-Lundmark and Transcontinental Resources. New peaks for four years or more were recorded by Lake Shore, Lamaque, Kirkland Lake, Anglo-Huronian, Canadian Malartic, Howey, Paymaster, Pioneer, San Antonio (nine years), Sheep Creek and others.

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Ore reserves at Lamaque Gold Mines, subsidiary of Teck-Hughes Gold Mines, in Bourlamaque Township, Quebec, are the highest in the company's history. Positive ore reserves are estimated at 2,530,212 tons averaging $8.25 per ton, or sufficient for over 12 years milling at the 1944 rate, which, however, was less than half the capacity of 1,200 tons daily. The year end estimate of positive ore showed an increase of approximately 479,000 tons as against figures made public at the end of last August. The upturn is due to inclusion of more ore from the large stringer zone between the 1,200 and 1,800-foot horizons, which zone has been under development for some years. Positive ore reserves at the close of 1944 were valued at more than $20,000,000. Estimated net profit for the past year was 20.66 cents per share as compared with about 34 cents in 1943.

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Increased development is reported by McKenzie Red Lake Gold Mines for the final quarter of 1944 and a higher tonnage of ore was also treated than in the previous three months. Some good ore sections were opened and progress was made in preparing for the sinking of the new vertical winze from the 1,250-foot level in the northeast section of the mine. Recovery for 1944 was $733,913 an average of $9.38 per ton which compares with $952,247 an average of $11.08 in the previous year.

•

Much money was expended in diamond drilling last year and numerous companies are now ready for shaft sinking and one of these recently financed for a thorough development program is Louvicourt Goldfields Corporation. The company has just been paid over $400,000 covering all outstanding options with the exception of a block of 200,000 shares which are not due for over a year. With the latest payment the company's treasury is now fortified with about $550,000 which assures the carrying out of the campaign recommended to bring the property into production. Official estimates of the ore indicated in drilling to date on the main zone over a length of 1,400 feet show approximately 500,000 tons of around $7 grade.

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With location of new ore some 2,000 feet to the southeast, highly interesting possibilities have been opened up for Canadian Malartic Gold Mines. The new ore area was exposed by surface diamond drilling and the zone is thought to be in what is looked upon as the south limb of the Malartic fold. Due to heavy overburden this zone has had little exploration in the past but the recent find opens up the chances of locating other ore bodies along the structure and at greater depth. While grade so far is not high, it is said to run about $1 above the average grade for the mine. Further and deeper drilling is planned to probe the so-called (south limb) of the property's ore structure.

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Back in 1941 sinking of a shaft to 500 feet was recommended for Orpit Mines by a consulting geologist, following extensive diamond drilling. It has since been apparent with all the authorized capital issued that a reorganization was imperative. Probably by the time this is read an option on control of the property, which is located in Bristol Township, Porcupine area, will have been granted to God's Lake, Bobjo and associates. The new deal will provide finances to continue the program of diamond drilling which has been underway for some time to explore a wide gold-bearing zone. The new interests are said to plan formation of a new company capitalized at 4,000,000 shares, with present shareholders receiving one new (free from escrow) share for each three now held.

•

Due to a decline in income from its subsidiary—Lamaque Gold Mines—and a drop in production income from its main property, net profit of Teck-Hughes Gold Mines was only 16.4 cents per share in 1944 as compared with better than 30½ cents per share in the previous 12 months. Dividends from Lamaque amounted to $540,926, equivalent to 11¼ cents on each Teck-Hughes share. At the Kirkland Lake property, positive ore reserves totalled 285,478 tons at the end of 1944, which was only a reduction of 18,532 tons from the figure reported at the end of 1943.

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Another Successful Year Reported by

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

(ESTABLISHED 1855)

ALTHOUGH there were heavy withdrawals for the purchase of Victory Bonds and tax payments, deposits increased from $16,970,802 to $21,360,490.

Investments in the Corporation's debentures payable in Canada increased from $26,440,758 to $27,190,661.

The Corporation's investment in Dominion of Canada Bonds at $12,501,766 is practically double the previous year's, while investment in Provincial Bonds is up from $1,658,729 to $1,668,529. Liquid assets are over 95% of deposits.

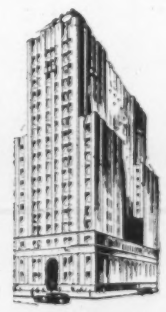
Real Estate held for sale has been reduced to $808,549 as compared with $1,182,181.

Total assets show an increase of nearly $3,200,000.

Profits for the year of $705,609 show a moderate increase.

Assets are shown in the Annual Statement for 1944 as follows:

Mortgages	$39,247,582.90
Office Premises:—Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Saint John, Edmonton, Regina, Halifax, Woodstock (Ont.), Brantford and Hamilton	3,280,500.00
Real Estate held For Sale	808,548.39
Loans on Bonds and Stocks	201,037.20
Bonds of or guaranteed by the Dominion of Canada	12,501,766.15
Bonds of or guaranteed by the Provinces of Canada	1,668,529.17
Bonds of Canadian Municipalities	609,314.47
Bonds guaranteed by City of Toronto	99,740.31
Other Bonds and Debentures	196,490.18
Stocks, including $980,000 (par value) of The Canada Permanent Trust Company	2,402,860.27
Cash in Chartered Banks and on hand	3,740,961.98
	$64,757,331.02



Head Offices Toronto

Substantial Growth in Trust Assets of

THE CANADA PERMANENT TRUST COMPANY

In 1944 the estates, trusts and agencies being administered by the Company showed an increase of nearly $8,000,000, being the largest increase in any year in the Company's history. Evidence of the steady expansion in assets entrusted to its care and management is afforded by the following record:

Year	Assets under Administration
1924	$ 8,469,584.46
1934	$ 35,116,331.73
1944	$ 67,768,244.99

Head Offices: CANADA PERMANENT BUILDING, Toronto

Copy of Report and Proceedings of Annual Meeting on Request

BRANCH OFFICES:

Toronto, Hamilton, Woodstock and Brantford, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.; Edmonton, Alta.; Regina, Sask.; Vancouver, B.C.; Saint John, N.B. and Halifax, N.S.

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

C. J. S., Winnipeg, Man.—The outlook for CENTRAL PATRICIA GOLD MINES, in my opinion, is quite favorable. While the mill schedule is close to 150 tons below capacity due to manpower difficulties and development seriously curtailed, the mine is in an excellent physical condition to take advantage of any improvement in the labor situation. Although no work was done last year on the block of four new deep levels below 2,050 feet, the new horizons in the aggregate compare favorably with any similar block of levels in the mine from development so far. Ore reserves at the end of 1943 totalled 445,269 tons as compared with 360,000 tons at the end of 1939, and despite continuous production in that period. Production last year was $1,139,559 as against $1,425,771 in 1943. The present yield on the shares is over five per cent. Speculative attraction is added to the shares by the company's interest in other Red Lake properties.

J. A. H., Waterford, Ont.—Whether the units you ask about are "a good buy" is something I am unable to answer. Personally, I would like to know what I was buying. While a number of prospecting syndicates are reported organized by WILLIAM H. ARTKIN, as yet none of these hold any property, hence, nothing can be said as to their speculative merit. You will be just gambling that the sponsor of the proposition, who states he has about 50 properties to choose from, will be fortunate in his choice as well as in the development of same. The advertising carried the implication that Artkin had lengthy service with the Department of Mines and Resources, but it has since been explained that he was with the Immigration Branch. Incidentally, the advertising has not mentioned the proportion of money subscribed which will go into the treasury for exploration. The fact, however, that the first offering of units at $25 was "heavily oversubscribed" indicates that much venture money is available and as in this case even before the speculator has any knowledge as to the location of the yet-to-be-acquired properties.

C. B., Lakeview, Ont.—If, as you state, you cannot afford to make a mistake in your investment you would be well advised to steer clear of stocks in the prospect classification. CAN - AMERICAN NICKEL MINING CORP. was only formed last October to explore and develop a group of 29 unpatented claims in the Algoma district, hence its possibilities still remain to be determined. The company is capitalized at 3,000,000 shares, of which 1,000,000 are being issued for the properties. Finances are being arranged for a program of work, 200,000 shares having been sold at five cents per share, and an option given on 1,600,000 at prices ranging from five cents to $1 per share.

K. N. F., Brandon, Man.—The final dividend on the common shares of IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. OF CANADA LTD. is 15 cents per share, the same amount as was paid for the two previous years, and bringing total dividends for the latest year to 55 cents per share—also the same amount as was paid for 1942 and

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Market Tied to War

BY HARUSPEX

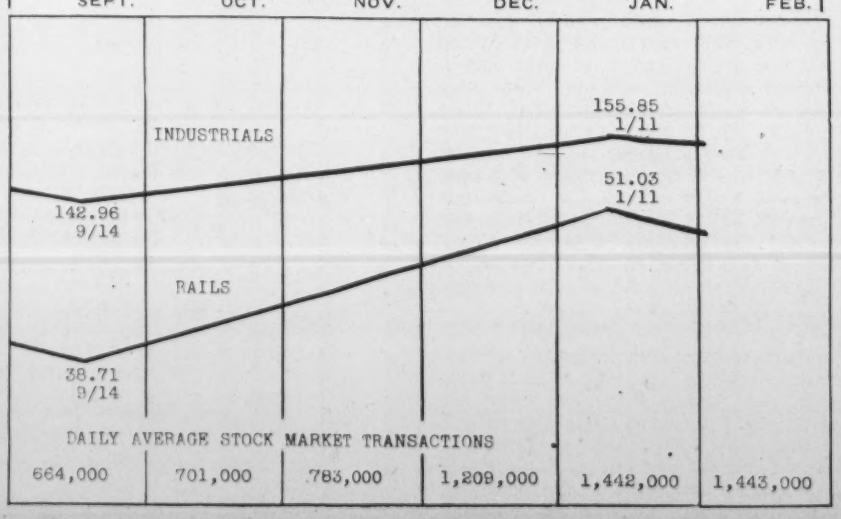
THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: New York stocks from which Canadian stock prices take their cue, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, completed a zone of distribution in July 1943, now being renewed, preparatory to eventual cyclical decline.

THE SHORT TERM, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND of the market is to be classed as upward from the mid-September 1944 low points of 142.96 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 38.71 on the rail average. For detailed discussion of technical position, see remarks below.

Both from a near-term and long-range viewpoint, the market, as we view the matter is closely tied up with the termination date of the European war. From the longer approach, war's end will set in motion certain forces whose repercussions should have a temporary adverse effect on the U.S. economy and, hence, on prices over the New York Stock Exchange. From the short-term viewpoint, the effect of war's end on share prices will depend on just how the end comes about, and where the market is at such time. Were the market enjoying a sizable rally of four to six weeks' duration when the news comes, or, regardless of the price level, if Germany surrendered to Russia without surrendering to the United States and Britain, a decline might be envisioned. On the other hand, a sudden German surrender to the United Nations, coming at a time when a two or three-week price correction was in progress, could easily witness a last sharp rise in prices before the troubles of the reconversion period were discounted.

At the present time there is no indication that the rally starting in mid-September has yet reached a point of exhaustion. This rally was interrupted from October into November, and has witnessed further interruptions since mid-January. In the current setback, as was true of the earlier one, volume of activity has tended to recede and there has been no disposition to liquidate some of the more speculative leaders. Currently the market, as reflected by the two averages, is caught between the rally peaks and support points, respectively, of January. Ability of both averages to move by more than one full point each above January highs, as would be disclosed by closes at 52.04 and 156.86, would indicate resumption of the rallying movement. Closes at 46.05 and 150.34, however, would, at best, suggest several more weeks of price irregularity; at worst, possible termination of the major move since April 1942.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



President, Crown Life

HON. G. HOWARD FERGUSON whose address at the 44th Annual Meeting of the Company stressed the impressive growth of Crown Life business and assets.

J. P. LANGLEY & CO.
C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.
Chartered Accountants
Toronto Kirkland Lake

BANK OF MONTREAL
ESTABLISHED 1817
DIVIDEND NO. 327
NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of FIFTEEN CENTS per share upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current quarter, payable on and after THURSDAY, the FIRST day of MARCH next, to Shareholders of record at close of business on 31st January, 1945.
By Order of the Board.
B. C. GARDNER,
General Manager.
Montreal, 16th January, 1945.

KERR-ADDISON
GOLD MINES LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)
INTERIM DIVIDEND NO. 28
Notice is hereby given than an interim dividend of five cents per share has been declared on the issued capital stock of the company, payable in Canadian funds on Wednesday, February 28th, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business on Tuesday, February 6th, 1945.
By Order of the Board.
G. A. CAVIN,
Secretary-Treasurer.
Toronto, Ontario,
January 26th, 1945.

NORANDA MINES, LIMITED
DIVIDEND NOTICE
Notice is hereby given than an interim dividend of One Dollar ($1.00) per share, payable in Canadian funds, has been declared by the Directors of Noranda Mines Limited, payable March 15th, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business February 15th, 1945.
By order of the Board.
J. R. BRADFIELD,
Secretary.
Toronto, January 31st, 1945.

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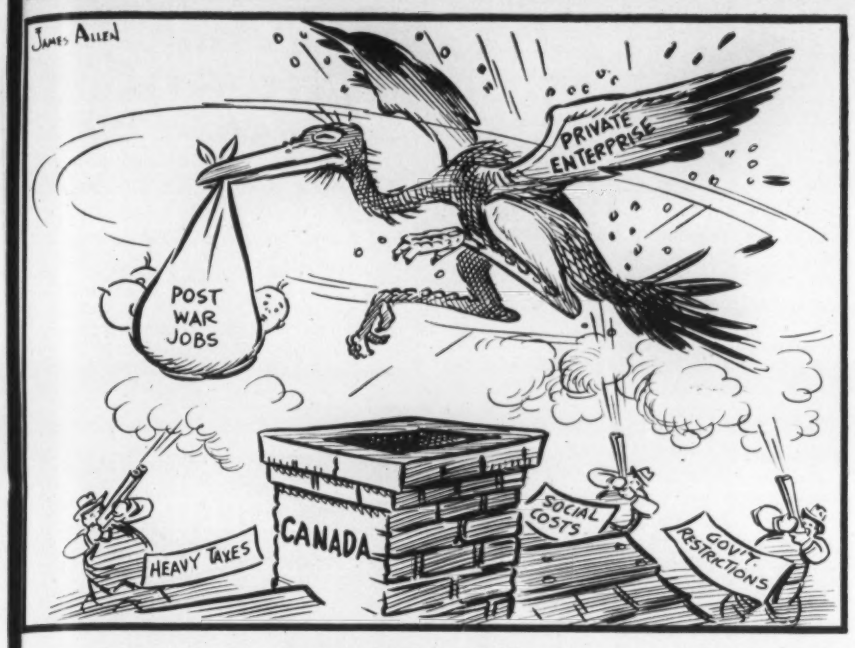

Making Delivery Difficult

1943. For the year 1943 the company showed retained net of 55.4 cents per share common, slightly below the 1942 figure of 56.2 cents. In addition 3 cents per share by way of the refundable portion of excess profits taxes was earned in each of the years 1942 and 1943.

L. V. T., Fredericton, N.B.—If it is KINOJEVIS MINING COMPANY, LTD., to which you refer, this company was succeeded by BOWES GOLD MINES LTD., on a basis of six new for one old share. A gold prospect of 684 acres was held in Rouyn township, Quebec. Last year the property was sold to Dovercliff Gold Mines for 1,500,000 shares of which it was reported 1,100,000 were to be distributed to shareholders on a share for share basis. The transfer agent for Bowes is Guaranty Trust Co., Montreal, while M. P. Cuddihy, 90 Perrault St., East, Rouyn, Quebec, is secretary-treasurer. In former operations extensive trenching, test pitting and diamond drilling were carried out and a prospecting shaft sunk for a depth of 137 feet. As far as I am aware there has been no change in MANITOBA AND EASTERN MINES situation since you last inquired. Work in the past on the company's holdings in Temagami and Porcupine areas failed to reveal anything of importance.

A. C. J., Westmount, Que.—Presumably the recent price gain in the preferred and common shares of DOMINION TAR AND CHEMICAL CO. reflects investors' awareness of the strengthening of the company's position due to several factors. The most recent development was the culmination of a number of years of improvement in the funded debt position and fixed charges dependent on this, when, in 1944, the remaining serial 3½% debentures and 15-year 4½% debentures were called for redemption, with financing through a new issue of serial 3½% debentures, which will be paid off year by year at the rate of $250,000 between Aug. 1, 1945 and Aug. 1, 1957. This new issue of $3,250,000 not only cut down the interest rate payable on the funded debt to a new low level but reduced the total by $310,000. The results for operations of 1944, it is understood, will be quite similar to those of 1943 when gross operating profits amounted to $2,450,878 with $676,974 available for dividends, $13.45 earned on the preferred and $1.32 earned on the common, including the refundable portion of the tax, or $1.06 of retainable net—results slightly ahead of those of 1942, when gross operating profits were ahead almost $700,000 above the results for 1942, establishing a new high peak in the company's history. Net for 1944 appears likely to run close to the 1943 figures.

W.L.M., Ottawa, Ont. — Of the stocks in which you are interested WASA LAKE GOLD MINES is shaping up as a possible large tonnage producer when hostilities cease. I understand development plans are being proceeded with looking to production as soon as labor conditions permit and a mining plant is on order. Diamond drilling completed to date has indicated sufficient ore to permit consideration of an initial milling rate of 1,000 tons, with an ultimate capacity of 1,500 tons. Deep diamond drilling in the main part of the new north zone showed persistence of the orebody to depth and better grade ore. One section of the north vein over a horizontal length of at least 450 feet, and to a vertical depth of 465 feet or 580 feet on the dip of the vein, is stated to have indicated tonnage of 4,000 tons per vertical foot, with a grade of $5.47 per ton. A shaft was sunk in previous work to 220 feet on the south zone and a considerable tonnage of ore is in sight there. Twenty-eight claims are held in Beauchastel township, Quebec.

LOUIS L. LANG, President of the Mutual Life Canada, who addressed the 75th meeting of policy-holders held at Waterloo on Thursday, February 1st.

Catelli Food Products Ltd.

OFFICIALS of Catelli Food Products Ltd., are expecting a reasonably well-maintained sales volume in the postwar period. Shortages of certain food products and shipping restrictions have tended to hold down the company's volume of sales during the war years. With these conditions corrected and with the company manufacturing essential food products, there should be a good demand for Catelli's merchandise at a fair margin of profit to the company. In the meantime plants and equipment have been maintained in good condition, and manufacturing facilities improved. In the past three to four years the liquid position has been improved substantially, and operations have been profitable enough to permit payment of a small annual dividend on the common stock the last two years.

Net profit for the fiscal year ended November 30, 1944, of $76,910 was equal, after preferred dividends, to $1.05 per share on the common stock, and that for 1943 of $84,305 equal to $1.21 per common share. Officials attribute the lower profit for 1944, compared with 1943, to the shortage of associate products which adversely affected the volume of macaroni sales in the domestic market, and to the fact shipping facilities did not permit the resumption of sales on former important export markets. Net profit for the fiscal year ended in 1939 of $177,025 was equal to $3.22 a share, and well above that of late years. Earned surplus shows an increase from $140,705 in 1939 to $263,214 in 1944.

In the past four years the company has been able to materially improve its liquid position, with net working capital of $404,376 at November 30 1944, comparing with an excess of current liabilities over current assets of $27,092 at November 30, 1941, and an excess of $69,272 at November 30, 1940. The net working capital at the end of the latest year was greater than that of $377,151 at November 30, 1939, or just shortly after the outbreak of the present war. Current assets of $685,575 at November 30, 1944, included cash of $21,499 and investments of $114,007.

The outstanding capital at November 30, 1944, consisted of 38,374 shares of 5% cumulative preference stock of $15 par value and 45,902 common shares of no par value. The preference shares are entitled to semi-annual cumulative dividends at the annual rate of 5%, and are redeemable at $15, and accrued dividend, per share. Each preference share is entitled to one vote.

An initial semi-annual dividend was paid on the present preference stock in June 1936 and continued regularly on this basis to date. An initial semi-annual dividend of 25c a share was paid on the common in November 1936 and continued on this basis to May 1941. The dividend due November 1941 was deferred and there were no further distributions on the common until payments of 25c a share in November 1943 and 1944. An extra of 25c per share was paid on the common in November 1939.

Catelli Food Products, Ltd., was incorporated with a Dominion Charter in July 1928 as a merger of eight companies manufacturing alimentary paste products such as macaroni, vermicelli, spaghetti and noodles. The company has five plants, located at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Lethbridge and Vancouver.

Comparative price range and price earnings ratio 1939-1944, inclusive, follows:

	Price Range High	Price Range Low	Earned Per Share	Price Earnings Ratio High	Price Earnings Ratio Low	Dividend Per Share
1944	13	10	$1.05	12.4	9.5	$0.25
1943	12	8⅜	1.21	10.0	6.9	0.25
1942	8½	5½	1.17	7.3	4.7	—
1941	9	9	0.05	150.0	150.0	0.25
1940	18	9½	2.10	8.6	4.5	0.50
1939	14½	6	3.22	4.5	1.9	0.75
Average 1939-1944				8.5	5.5	
Approximate current average				12.4		

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

Year Ended Nov. 30	1944	1943	1942	1941	1940	1939
Net Profit	$ 76,910	$ 84,305	$ 82,292	$ 31,784	$125,250	$177,025
Earned Surplus	263,214	229,465	200,209	160,116	202,032	140,705
Current Assets	685,575	634,401	513,922	600,448	538,491	618,250
Current Liabilities	281,199	393,288	409,813	627,540	607,763	241,099
Net Working Capital	404,376	241,113	104,109	27,092-e	69,272-e	377,151

e—Excess of Current Liabilities over Current Assets.

D. E. KILGOUR W. M. ANDERSON

D. E. Kilgour, President of the North American Life Assurance Company, who is now President and Managing Director, announces the appointment of W. M. Anderson, formerly Assistant General Manager, as General Manager of the Company.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Insurance Policyholders Should Read the Statutory Conditions

By GEORGE GILBERT

Contrary to the belief evidently prevalent in some quarters, what are known as the Statutory Conditions in fire insurance policies were not drawn up by the insurance companies but by a Commission of Judges. They were not enacted for the benefit of the insurance companies but for the protection of the insuring public.

As they are part of the law of the land, and as ignorance of the law does not avoid any legal penalty for its violation, it behooves those who depend upon their insurance policies for indemnity to ascertain what their rights and obligations are.

IT IS often overlooked that the various insurance laws and regulations in effect, including the statutory conditions which must be included in all fire insurance policies, were enacted not for the benefit of the insurance companies but for the protection of the honest insured. In Ontario, for example, fire insurance statutory conditions first came into force in 1876. Before then no statutory restrictions had been imposed upon the companies in framing their policies, and some of them had evidently gone so far, as one writer put it, "in their efforts to offset the ingenuity of dishonest claimants as to impose conditions too complicated and difficult of performance to be complied with by the most honest claimant."

To deal with this situation an Act was passed in 1874 for the appointment of a Commission of Judges to determine: "What conditions of a fire insurance policy are just and reasonable conditions." In 1876 the Commissioners submitted a set of conditions prepared after consideration of the forms then in use by insurance companies, and after hearing the representations of insurance officials and of a number of influential merchants. In the same year the conditions recommended by the Commissioners became compulsory in Ontario, and with some changes have been in force ever since.

Readily Understandable

As these statutory conditions, although prepared by a Commission of Judges, are not expressed in technical legal phraseology but rather in language in general use in the business, the ordinary policyholder by reading them carefully can readily understand his rights and obligations. They have been enacted into law by the legislature as just and reasonable conditions and have not been inserted in the policies by the insurance companies, so that the insured is expected to be acquainted with what the law is in this respect.

For failure by the insured to comply with the statutory requirements on the ground that he was not aware of their significance or did not think they were applicable in his case, the insured himself must assume the responsibility, as ignorance of the law is not regarded as a valid reason for its violation as a rule. Accordingly it is the part of wisdom for the insured to make himself familiar with the conditions which the law of the land requires him to comply with, if he wants to make sure of the validity of the insurance upon which he depends for indemnity in the case of a fire loss.

There are in all twenty-four of these fire insurance statutory conditions. They can be read in ten or fifteen minutes. This is not a great deal of time to be devoted to the perusal of provisions which have an important bearing on the insurance carried for the protection of buildings or contents, and is much less than is often spent in reading an ordinary newspaper or magazine article.

One of the drawbacks to a more widespread acquaintance with these statutory conditions by the insured arises from the fact that, in order to save space, they are usually printed in such small type as to look like very uninviting reading material. But it should be remembered that both the insured and the insurance company are bound by these statutory conditions, and if the insured wants to be informed as to certain of his rights as well as his obligations he should make himself familiar with this part of his insurance policy as well as the insurance wording.

Obligations Assumed

As has been pointed out before, the statutory conditions which the insured should especially understand prior to the happening of a fire are Nos. 1 to 10, as they set out the duties devolving upon the insured and the company up to that event, and also define what is insured and what is not insured. Clause (c) of Condition 5 provides that, unless permission is given by the policy or endorsed thereon, the insurance company is not liable for loss or damage occurring after the interest of the insured in the subject matter of the insurance is assigned, but this condition does not apply to an authorized assignment under the Bankruptcy Act or to change of title by succession, by operation of law, or by death. This is a condition which is often overlooked when property is sold; the insurance terminates unless the consent of the insurance company is obtained.

Clause (d) of the same Condition, which has been the subject of recent newspaper articles, is also one with which the insured should make himself familiar. It provides that unless permission is given by the policy or endorsed thereon, the insurance company is not liable for loss or damage occurring while the building insured or containing the property insured is, to the knowledge of the insured, vacant or unoccupied for more than thirty consecutive days, or, being a manufacturing establishment, ceases to be operated and continues out of operation for more than thirty consecutive days.

Origin of Vacancy Clause

This clause was not included in the statutory conditions until the year 1924. Before that time the question of vacancy of premises was generally determined by the statutory condition relating to any change material to the risk. Vacancy for a period of thirty days is one of the risks covered under this clause and assumed by the insurance company, and is not affected by the condition relating to any change material to the risk, or by any provision in the policy stating that the insurance applies to the building described "only while the premises are occupied as a private dwelling." An amendment to the Ontario Insurance Act made this clear, by enacting that the statutory conditions are to be deemed to be part of every fire insurance contract in force in Ontario except where the subject matter is exclusively rents, charges or loss of profits, and that subject to the provisions of Section 110, no variation, omission or addition thereto shall be binding on the insured, nor shall anything contained in the description of the subject matter of the insurance be effective in so far as it is inconsistent with, varies, modifies or avoids such condition.

Section 110, referred to above, provides that where the rate of premium is affected or modified by the user, condition, location, or maintenance of the insured property, the policy may contain a clause, not inconsistent with any statutory condition, setting forth any stipulation in respect of such user, condition, location or maintenance, and any such clause shall not be deemed a variation of any such statutory condition, and such clause shall be binding on the insured only in so far as it is held by the court before which a question relating thereto is tried to be just and reasonable.

Under the statutory conditions, vacancy is covered for a period of thirty days without question, and if coverage is desired for a longer period of vacancy it may be obtained from the insurance company in the form of an endorsement on the policy.

Equitable Life Report Shows Steady 1944 Progress

Balance Sheet, December 31, 1944

ASSETS

Real Estate:		
Office Premises	$85,000.00	
Other (Held for Sale)	61,775.38	
		$ 146,775.38
Mortgages on Real Estate		8,406,302.42
Agreements for Sale		714,931.10
Loans on Collateral		878.74
Loans on Policies		1,070,088.45
Bonds and Debentures; Book Value		5,134,654.65
Stocks, Book Value		106,811.75
Cash on Hand and in Banks		20,758.63
Interest Accrued		76,171.46
Premiums Due and Deferred (Net)		199,317.14
Other Assets		2,869.27
TOTAL ASSETS		$15,879,558.99

LIABILITIES

Policy and Annuity Reserves	$13,321,135.00
Provision for Unpaid and Unreported Claims	183,101.00
War Mortality Reserve	75,000.00
Amounts left with Company at Interest	374,020.00
Premiums Paid in Advance	15,528.63
Interest Paid in Advance	840.56
Taxes, Expenses and Accounts Due and Accrued	47,496.39
Other Liabilities	20,897.72
Dividends Allotted to Policyholders	30,105.00
Staff Pension Funds	82,052.00
Reserve Against Fluctuation of Market Value of Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	125,000.00
Investment and Contingency Reserves	475,000.00
CAPITAL PAID IN	327,155.00
SURPLUS	802,227.69
TOTAL LIABILITIES	$15,879,558.99

Assets increased by $1,260,994 . . . Policy Reserves $836,237 higher . . . Insurance in Force raised to $48,896,192 . . . Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries $737,576 . . . Gross rate of interest earned on ledger assets 5.2%.

PROTECTION
THE EQUITABLE LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONTARIO

Automobile and General Casualty Insurance
Lumbermens
MUTUAL CASUALTY COMPANY
Agency Inquiries Invited
VANCE C. SMITH, Res. Sec'y, Concourse Bldg., Toronto, Elgin 3355
"THE SAFETY-MINDED COMPANY"
Fire and Allied Lines Written in Associated Companies

THE Casualty Company of Canada
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO
AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA
E. D. GOODERHAM, President — A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director

The Wawanesa
Mutual Insurance Company
—ORGANIZED IN 1896—
Admitted Assets - $4,382,095.84
Surplus 2,431,602.73
—Write for Financial Statement—
Head Office: WAWANESA, Man.
Eastern Office: TORONTO, Ont.
Branches at Vancouver, Saskatoon, Winnipeg and Montreal.

FIDELITY
Insurance Company of Canada
TORONTO

Consult your Agent or Broker as you would your Doctor or Lawyer

United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company
TORONTO

Established 1809
CANADA'S OLDEST INSURANCE COMPANY
THE
HALIFAX INSURANCE
COMPANY
Cash Capital—$2,000,000.00
HEAD OFFICE — HALIFAX, N.S.
Supervisory Office—8 King St. W.—Toronto

39th ANNUAL REPORT -
PROVIDING SECURITY for THOUSANDS OF HOMES

New 1944 Business	$11,750,251
Business in Force	$87,329,027
Assets	$21,066,951
Free Surplus and Additional Funds as Added Protection	$ 2,149,153
Premium Income	$ 2,174,935

● More than our Total Increase in Assets invested in Victory Bonds.

E. J. TARR, President — G. C. CUMMING, General Manager

THE MONARCH LIFE
Assurance Company

Allied tank forces, preparing for assault on German positions near St. Vith, make a final check-up before moving forward through the snow.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

For many years I have been a regular subscriber to your valued newspaper and I do not recollect having made a previous request for information of any kind. However, I am anxious to commence a modest program of insurance for our little boy who will be 18 months of age on March 11th next and is our only child. Would you be good enough to indicate, perhaps in a general way, the best plan of coverage towards safeguarding his future from the standpoint of protection as well as investment. Would you endorse an idea which appeals to me of ensuring that a sum of say $2500.00 be made available at the age of 15 or 16 years towards the cost, possibly, of higher education? Some money, accumulated for him to date from gifts, could be applied on premiums. I do not know at what age you consider it practical to place insurance on a healthy child or the type of policy or policies you would recommend or with what company the risk could be placed to the best advantage. Of course, it is impossible to foretell what interference may be encountered from future Governments in the field of insurance but surely the policyholder would not be called upon in any case to sacrifice any monies so invested. On my return from Overseas Service in 1919 the proceeds from an endowment policy which my father kindly started for me during high school days proved to be a substantial asset. We are in comfortable circumstances and wish to further the best interests of our little boy in every way possible and I would be grateful indeed to receive any helpful suggestions you might care to offer to that end.

E.S.B., Victoria, B.C.

One of the most satisfactory ways in which you could in my opinion accomplish the object you have in mind would be to take out a 15 or 16 year endowment policy on your own life, naming your son as beneficiary and with an educational fund agreement attached providing for the payment of the money in installments of the desired amount. A sum of $2,500 could be provided by this means through the payment of an annual premium of a reasonable amount for 15 or 16 years as the case may be. The advantage of this plan is that the $2,500 would be available to fulfill the purpose whether you lived to complete the annual payments or not. In fact the $2,500 would become payable at the end of the 15 or 16 years in the manner set out in the agreement if your death should occur after only one premium had been paid. In the event of the death of the beneficiary during the 15 or 16 years, the money paid in would be returned with 3 or 3½ per cent compound interest. Any life insurance company regularly licensed to do business in Canada and having a deposit with the Government for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively would be safe to insure with.

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Britain Must Wed Free Capital and Control

(*Continued from Page* 34)

mand, even for short-term purposes. However, the suggestion reflects an awareness of the problem and may precurse a fuller solution.

The idea behind a new B.I.D. goes much further, covering long-term capital needs, and here the suggested resources are a basic £30,000,000, with borrowing powers of £90,000,000. The Bank of England has mothered this proposal, but it is intended that the organization should be independent in its action, and that its capital should come from insurance companies, investment trusts, and other extra-banking institutions.

Here again, the criticism must be that the sum envisaged is altogether too small. To be realistic, talk about recapitalizing British industry must begin at nine figures, and then move fast.

The danger about half-hearted recapitalization is obvious enough. Industry will not be able to enter a free capital market, so that there will be an effective limit to the scale of recapitalization imposed by the authorities, who will be actuated by their list of priorities and what seems to have become an overriding political need for cheap money, and who, on current indications, seem only very partially aware of the scale of the problem.

This is not at all to say that there should be allowed completely free access to a liberated capital market, for the different industrial groups are possessed of widely different competitive powers, and the interaction of their claims upon capital must tend to push up the cost of loaning money to the point where it could no longer be guaranteed that the "desirable" development of the economy would proceed.

The ideal means of providing a sufficiency of capital to resurgent British industry, and of ensuring its correct injection at different points in the industrial bloodstream, is undoubtedly a combination of liberal official supervision with the wide use of the resources available from the conventional springs of capital—the banks, insurance companies, investment trusts, and financial houses. How to achieve this difficult marriage is not so simple to say.

The individualistic tradition of British finance, is likely to be an uneasy bed-partner of officialdom, however generously the authorities interpret their terms of reference. But it is a marriage that must be arranged if industry is to do the enormous job that awaits it.

Manufacturers:

What About Financing In Your Post-War Plans?

As you plan ahead to meet the new needs and changing conditions of the post-war period, you may be faced with problems of financing in which we could help you.

We are giving thought to many such problems and are making preliminary estimates of our customers' probable requirements in the years immediately ahead.

If you feel we can assist you, we shall be glad of the opportunity of discussing your plans and problems with you in confidence. You will appreciate the interested approach and helpful counsel of our officers.

BANK OF MONTREAL

FOUNDED IN 1817

A 213

The Victoria Trust and Savings Company

LINDSAY, ONTARIO

Balance Sheet—December 31st, 1944

ASSETS

CAPITAL ACCOUNT		
Office Premises and Land, Lindsay and Cannington		$ 37,500.00
Other Real Estate—		
Farm Properties		46,479.05
City Properties		57,172.35
Advances to Estates and Agencies Under Administration		17,956.54
Wheat Storage Plants and Equipment		9,667.26
Mortgages and Agreements For Sale		
Principal	$789,233.06	
Interest Due and Accrued	7,251.07	$796,484.13
Bonds, Debentures and Accrued Interest		
Government and Government Guaranteed Bonds	21,696.51	
Canadian Municipal, Rural Telephone and School District Bonds	51,610.21	
Canadian Corporation Bonds	51,732.50	
Foreign Government Bonds	19,153.75	
Foreign Corporation Bonds	21,156.67	165,349.64
Stocks		224,543.25
Loans on Company's Stock and Accrued Interest		11,074.62
Loans on Other Securities and Accrued Interest		18,012.29
Loan to Bond Department—Victory Bonds as Collateral		34,658.51
Cash on Hand and in Banks		44,565.06
Total Capital Assets		$ 1,463,462.70
GUARANTEED TRUST ACCOUNT		
Mortgages		
Principal	$4,150,475.33	
Interest Due and Accrued	55,120.69	4,205,596.02
Bonds, Debentures and Accrued Interest		
Government and Government Guaranteed Bonds	2,280,847.30	
Canadian Municipal, Rural Telephone and School District Bonds	426,027.14	
Canadian Corporation Bonds	354,073.20	
Foreign Government Bonds	15,565.25	
Foreign Corporation Bonds	17,000.00	3,093,512.89
Stocks		315,773.50
Loans on Other Securities and Accrued Interest		13,840.90
Cash on Hand and in Banks		334,550.50
Total Guaranteed Trust Assets		$ 7,963,273.81
ESTATES DEPARTMENT		
Investments, etc., held in Trust for Estates and Agencies		1,877,056.99
		$11,303,793.50

LIABILITIES

CAPITAL ACCOUNT	
Capital Stock Subscribed and Fully Paid	$ 810,000.00
Reserve Fund	200,000.00
Investment Reserve	385,000.00
Reserve for Income and Excess Profits Tax	25,548.53
Dividend Declared and Payable January 2, 1945	8,100.00
Due to Mortgagors	2,714.10
Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss Account	32,100.07
Total Capital Liabilities	$ 1,463,462.70
GUARANTEED TRUST ACCOUNT	
Guaranteed Investment Receipts	$ 5,773,817.82
Trust Deposits	2,189,455.99
Total Guaranteed Trust Liabilities	$ 7,963,273.81
ESTATES DEPARTMENT	
Estates, Trusts and Agency Account	1,859,100.45
Due to Company Funds	17,956.54
	$11,303,793.50

T. H. STINSON, K.C., PRESIDENT. C. E. WEEKS, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE

We have audited the Books and Accounts of The Victoria Trust and Savings Company for the year ended December 31st, 1944, verified the Investment Securities, Cash on Hand, and the Balances in Banks. We have, after due consideration formed an independent opinion of the Company as at December 31st, 1944, and we certify that in our opinion so formed, according to the best of our information and the explanations given us, the accompanying Balance Sheet with the related Profit and Loss Account sets forth fairly and truly the position of the Company on that date.

We certify that all transactions of the Company that have come within our notice have been within the powers of the Company.

LINDSAY, Ontario, January 12th, 1945.

RUTHERFORD WILLIAMSON (F.C.A.)
HAROLD A. SHIACH (F.C.A.)
Auditors.

THE SIXTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF

The British Mortgage and Trust Corporation of Ontario

STRATFORD

Balance Sheet, December 31st, 1944

ASSETS

CAPITAL ACCOUNT:		
Office premises		$ 51,857.26
Real Estate for sale		170,301.05
Mortgages on real estate in possession or control of mortgagee: Principal		123,245.71
Mortgages and Agreements for Sale:		
Principal	$ 748,386.77	
Interest due and accrued	945.85	
		749,332.62
Government bonds:		
Principal		258,117.58
Canadian Municipal Bonds:		
Principal		31,480.44
Stocks owned at book value		407,858.42
Cash on hand and in Bank		146,698.85
Advances to Estates		5,336.06
TOTAL CAPITAL ASSETS		$ 1,944,227.99
GUARANTEED TRUST ACCOUNT:		
Mortgages:		
Principal	$2,485,608.34	
Interest due and accrued	17,637.70	
	$2,503,246.04	
Dominion Government Bonds:		
Principal	$2,343,223.09	
Interest accrued	12,823.00	
	2,356,046.09	
Provincial Government Bonds:		
Principal	367,394.83	
Canadian Municipal Bonds:		
Principal	58,502.66	
Stocks owned at book value	1,787,256.00	
Cash on hand and in bank	184,671.69	
TOTAL GUARANTEED TRUST ASSETS		$ 7,257,117.31
ESTATES DEPARTMENT:		
Estates, Trusts and Agency Funds		$ 934,222.44
		$10,135,567.74

LIABILITIES

CAPITAL ACCOUNT:		
Capital Stock fully paid up		$ 1,000,000.00
General Reserve Fund		500,000.00
General Investment Reserve		325,000.00
Reserve for Taxes		7,509.58
Profit and loss credit balance		71,179.15
Dividends payable 2nd January, 1945		40,000.00
All other liabilities		539.26
TOTAL CAPITAL LIABILITIES		$ 1,944,227.99
GUARANTEED TRUST ACCOUNT:		
Guaranteed Investment Receipts:		
Principal	$3,836,737.35	
Interest due and accrued	39,843.98	
		$ 3,876,581.33
Trust Deposits:		
Principal and Interest		$ 3,380,535.98
TOTAL GUARANTEED TRUST LIABILITIES		$ 7,257,117.31
ESTATES DEPARTMENT:		
Estates, Trusts and Agency		$ 934,222.44
		$10,135,567.74

NELSON MONTEITH, President. W. H. GREGORY, Managing Director.

Company Reports

Canada Permanent

THE annual report of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation for the year ended December 31, 1944, shows profits moderately higher than for previous year at $705,609 as compared with $701,295. Dividends at $560,000 and amount written off office premises, $100,000, were the same as in the former period. Balance forward is up to $500,308 from $454,699.

Deposits increased substantially during 1944 from $16,970,802, to $21,360,490, despite very heavy withdrawals of savings by depositors for investment in Victory bonds and for tax payments. The corporation's own investment in Dominion of Canada bonds, at $12,501,766, is practically double the previous year's figure, while the investment in provincial bonds is up from $1,658,729 to $1,668,529. Liquid assets are over 95 per cent of deposits.

The amount of real estate held for sale is substantially reduced, now being carried at $808,549, compared with $1,182,181 a year ago.

Great West Life

RECORD growth in business and financial strength marked the progress of the Great-West Life Assurance Company during the past year. Business in force at the end of 1944 amounted to $842,153,947, as compared with $759,131,250 at the end of 1943, showing an increase for the year of $83,022,697. New business placed totalled $116,710,441, as compared with $101,022,443 in 1943. Assets at the end of the year totalled $222,441,886, as compared with $203,789,801 at the end of 1943. The outstanding feature of the investments in recent years has been the increase in government bond holdings, indicating the substantial participation of the company in Victory Loan and War Bond issues. In every year since 1941 these subscriptions have exceeded the total premium income and in 1944 amounted to $24,000,000. Also notable has been the rapid repayment of mortgage loans, and the virtual elimination of real estate held for sale. Liabilities at the end of 1944 amounted to $212,034,980, as compared with $195,462,751 at the end of the previous year. The liabilities are made up almost entirely of amounts specifically allocated for future payments to policyholders. After making provision for all liabilities, the capital, contingency reserve and surplus at the end of 1944 amounted to $10,406,906 as compared with $8,527,050 at the end of 1943. Total payments to policyholders and beneficiaries in 1944 totalled $15,600,000, as compared with $11,264,177 in 1943.

British Mortgage

MODERATE gain is reported by British Mortgage & Trust Corp., of Ontario, with 1944 net earnings of $90,728 compared with $87,604 in 1943. After regular dividends at 8 per cent yearly, balance carried forward was increased from $60,450 to $71,179.

Combined deposits and guaranteed investment receipts have increased by $1,300,000 in the last two years, Nelson Monteith, president, stated.

Crown Life

RAPID and substantial growth year by year over a lengthy period has been achieved by the Crown Life Insurance Company, and 1944 was no exception in this respect. Business in force at the end of the year amounted to $350,795,946, as compared with $308,167,791 at the end of 1943, showing a gain for the year of $42,628,055. New policies issued, including income bonds, totalled $53,340,127, as compared with $45,200,569 in the previous year, showing an increase of $13,139,558. Total receipts in 1944 amounted to $15,138,319, as compared with $13,236,452 in the previous year, showing an increase of $1,901,867. Total net payments to policyholders and beneficiaries were $3,935,103, as compared with $3,516,321 in 1943, showing an increase of $418,782. Assets at the end of 1944 amounted to $69,154,606, as compared with $60,712,986 at the end of the previous year, showing an increase of $8,441,620. The company's holdings of Government bonds increased during the year by $8,391,514, an amount which exceeds slightly the total increase in its invested funds. At the end of 1944 the net surplus over capital, policy and annuity reserves, reserve for contingencies, policyholders' dividend reserve and all liabilities was $2,747,542, as compared with $2,393,429 at the end of the previous year, showing an increase of $354,114.

Pilot Insurance

IN 1944 the Pilot Insurance Company, with head office at Toronto, increased its assets from $1,123,066 to $1,184,309, showing a gain for the year of $62,243. The assets are distributed as follows: Bonds and debentures at amortized book value, $959,154; cash on hand and in bank, $106,329; agents' balances and premiums uncollected (net), $82,679; interest due and accrued, $5,915; due from reinsurance companies, $1,758; cash surrender value of endowment policy, $11,550; refundable portion of excess profits tax, $16,924. After making provision for unpaid claims, reserve of unearned premiums, expenses due and accrued, reserve for taxes, agents' credit balances (net), reinsurance premiums due and unpaid, and reserve for depreciation of securities, there was a surplus as regards policyholders.

Victoria Trust

VICTORIA Trust and Savings Co. reports an increase in 1944 profit of around $8,300 or over 10 per cent from 1943.

Deposits are about the same at $2,189,000 as compared with $2,138,000 at end of 1943: Guaranteed Investment Receipts, however have increased by $275,000.

Special reserves have been strengthened by a transfer of $10,000 and $20,000 has been set aside for income tax and excess profits tax with a balance of $32,100 carried forward in profit and loss account against $26,714 end of 1943.

Monarch Life

IN NEW business, business in force, income, assets and in payments to policyholders and beneficiaries the past year was a record one for the Monarch Life Assurance Company. New business amounted to $11,750,000, as compared with $9,913,816 in 1943. Business in force at the end of the year totalled $87,329,000, as compared with $79,752,618 at the end of 1943. Premium income amounted to $2,174,935, as compared with $1,910,363 in the previous year. Assets at the end of 1944 totalled $21,066,952, as compared with $19,319,258 at the end of 1943. More than the full increase in assets is represented by additional holdings of Dominion Government bonds amounting to $2,039,844. After making provision for policy reserves, claims awaiting proof, and all other obligations, the net surplus over capital, dividends to policyholders, reserve for unreported claims, contingency reserve, unallocated investment reserve, amounted to $830,252, as compared with $745,000 at the end of 1943. Payments to policyholders and beneficiaries in 1944 totalled $1,110,714, as compared with $972,510 in the previous year.

National Trust

NATIONAL Trust Company reports total assets under administration at $332,878,867 at end of 1944, compared with $321,800,588 a year ago, an increase of $11,078,279. Net profits increased from $476,294 to $509,711, which enabled the company to provide $211,103 for Dominion, Provincial and municipal taxes, to pay the regular quarterly dividends totaling $240,000 for the year, and to transfer $58,607 to profit and loss account.

Savings deposits are up from $18,371,943 to $20,877,798, with liquidity at 94.93 per cent, as compared with 87.51 per cent for 1943.

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA
Completes Seventy-Five Years of Business

Unbroken Progress Reported to Annual Meeting of Policyholders

Louis L. Lang, President, and W. H. Somerville, Vice-President and General Manager, Review Record.

Waterloo, Ont., Feb. 1.

The completion of 75 years of business by The Mutual Life of Canada, during which the Company has become one of the leading insurance institutions on the continent, was marked at the annual meeting of policyholders at Waterloo yesterday. Reports presented covering operations for 1944 showed an increase in number of policyholders, in insurance sold and in force, and in payments to policyholders during the past year.

COMPLETE WAR EFFORT NEEDED

When addressing the policyholders, the President of the Company, Mr. Louis L. Lang, called for an intensified war effort by all Canadians. "The people of the North American continent have escaped conquest and slavery by very narrow margins," he said. "This is a fact to be kept very clearly in our minds when we are tempted to slip into self-pity or to devote too much thought and attention to our own private difficulties." He expressed great admiration for those in the armed and auxiliary services, who are making real sacrifices, and for their relatives, who are suffering anxiety, uncertainty and grief.

Speaking of conditions in Canada, he warned that Canadians must realize that economic conditions are abnormal and probably will remain so until several years after the conclusion of the war. The country is spending between five and six billion dollars a year, obtained by heavy taxation and by borrowing from our own citizens. That cannot be maintained indefinitely. Other departments of national activity have been operating under conditions of extreme emergency. In spite of the admirable handling of our monetary and price problems, Canada has experienced some degree of inflation. Mr Lang stated: "If we think that there is going to be general gainful occupation or as some people call it, 'full employment,' forever in Canada, without any special effort on the part of practically everybody, we are heading for a great deal of trouble. If we think there is always going to be plenty of borrowed money about for us to pass from one to another and spend, our children and grandchildren are going to suffer from our mistaken ideas and lack of preparation for the future."

POST-WAR PLANNING

He then dealt with specific tasks relating to post-war planning, and continued: "A prime objective must be that those who have been in the fighting services be re-established in civilian life and helped in every possible way within the capacity of the people of Canada. We have to shift as quickly as possible from a war economy to a peace economy. This will not be achieved by any grandiose plan, but rather by everyone and every organization doing everything possible in their fields to make the economic changes which will be necessary and beneficial. Some delays will be inevitable, and we must recognize that everything desirable cannot be done overnight and some degree of patience will be essential."

A great deal of constructive thought on world trade is engaging attention in the allied countries. After the war Canada will have greatly enlarged production facilities, many new products, great numbers of skilled producers, large and varied demands for goods which have been denied to the public, and a larger reservoir of savings than she has ever had in her history. We must capitalize that opportunity in democratic fashion by preserving personal liberty, by stimulating individual initiative, by encouraging saving and thrift, by releasing the vast forces of a socially conscious private enterprise system, impregnated from top to bottom with a sense of useful stewardship which will measure its achievements, not merely by the balance sheet, but also in terms of its success in applying the precepts of the Golden Rule and by striving towards the goal of security and prosperity for all citizens.

CHARACTER FOUNDATION OF SOCIETY

We are today discovering for ourselves what our forefathers knew from study and experience; namely, that the principles on which men can permanently unite to enjoy the blessings of liberty are firmly ingrained in the roots of human nature, and as such can be changed only as human nature itself is altered under the growth of conscience and character. We must recognize that character is and must be the foundation of society. Other cardinal concepts that must guide us are: continued emphasis on the equality of all men in the eyes of the law; the protection of all minorities, regardless of political, racial, religious or labor affiliation; the reduction of arbitrary bureaucratic power to a necessary minimum, and recognition that "government" is administered by individuals whose opinions are as fallible as those of other citizens and whose functions are those of servants, not masters, of the community; the maintenance of an independent judiciary, economy and efficiency in every phase of Government activity; equitable taxation; and competition in business regulated by a deep sense of social responsibility.

GROWTH OF MUTUAL LIFE

Speaking of the humble beginnings of The Mutual Life in 1869, Mr. Lang stated that no one interested in the project at its inception would have thought it possible that within the seventy-five years which followed, the company would establish the record of vigorous and efficient progress which it had enjoyed. Of the Company's assets and insurance in force, he said: "It is only when we realize the responsibilities to thousands of policyholders and beneficiaries that we obtain a true idea of the meaning of the figures. In a world which is full of tragedy, and in which people in the main find it impossible to provide adequately for their dependents by accumulating capital resources from savings, which may be prematurely cut off by death or misfortune, there is essential merit in thus providing the means by which distress can be eliminated, or at least minimized."

IMPORTANCE OF LIFE UNDERWRITERS

Mr. Lang also referred to the progress in life insurance salesmanship since 1869 and in the number and scope of insurance plans which are available. Modern life insurance salesmanship has taken on many of the characteristics of a profession . . . the services of the field man in life insurance are indispensable, and they have no little share in determining many of man's most important actions in material affairs . . . to the extent that field men are successful, more people become self-reliant in making provision for themselves and their families, and thus obviating in a large measure the supposed necessity for a very great part of some elaborate and experimental plans being advocated for social security. "We are dull indeed, in view of the teachings of recent years," he said, "if we have not learned the lesson that where the State is everything or is relied upon for everything, the individual is, and can be, nothing."

After reviewing other features of the Company's progress, Mr. Lang concluded: "I look forward to the future growth and progress of this Company with a confidence tested by experience and proved by results."

PROGRESS IN 1944

Resume of Address By Mr. W. H Somerville

It was reported by Mr. W. H. Somerville, Vice-President and General Manager, that for seventy-five years in succession the Company has shown an increase in insurance in force, the increase of $43,835,230 in 1944 bringing the total insurance protection to $723,861,526. The total new insurance sold in 1944, $65,104,991, was the largest in the Company's history. New policies to the number of 25,616 were placed by the Company's representatives during the year. Policyholders purchased approximately 36% of the new insurance sold.

Mr. Somerville reported that a refresher course in modern life insurance selling will be given members of the field force now on active service as they re-enter civil life as Life Underwriters.

DEATH CLAIMS

The effect of war claims on the Company's position was discussed by the speaker, who compared the experience during the present war with that for the First World War, and indicated that after taking into consideration the size of the Company today and its size twenty-five years ago, the total strain of War and Influenza mortality during the First World War was over seven times as heavy as the accumulated death strain which has been experienced during the present war up to the end of 1944.

The greatest percentage of death claims from policyholders not engaged directly in warfare was caused by diseases of the Heart, Blood Vessels and Kidneys. This group accounted for 50.6% of the face amount of civilian deaths in 1944, and within this group three-quarters were diagnosed as coronary thrombosis. Death Claims from accidents, paid in 1944, amounted to 5.5% of the civilian total, and cancer accounted for 15.8%. A definite increase in claims due to tuberculosis was reported for the past year and an increase also in diabetes as the cause of death.

Last year 3509 policyholders applied for and were given free health examinations through facilities provided by the Life Extension Examiners.

SURPLUS FUNDS

Surplus Funds at December 31st aggregated $13,796,368, an increase for the year of $1,757,666.

Surplus Earnings for 1944 amounted to $5,316,675.

ASSETS

The Company's Assets increased by $16,912,400 in 1944 to a total of $252,103,689.

At the end of the year the total par value of the War and Victory Loan holdings amounted to $102,530,500. The book value of the company's Dominion of Canada Direct and Guaranteed Bonds now amounts to $127,252,683, which represents in excess of 50% of the total assets.

The Bond Account, which includes also Provincial, Municipal, Public Utility and Industrial Bonds, totals $184,738,269, an increase of $22,687,892 for 1944.

On a conservatively calculated basis the aggregate book values of the Bonds and Stocks held by the Mutual Life are less than current market values by approximately $11,000,000.

MORTGAGE LOANS

Mortgage Loans and Sale Agreements totalled $31,455,508 at the end of the year. New Mortgage Loans were accepted in 1944 for the amount of $3,547,731, being almost entirely on residential property. Since these loans assist the borrowers to build or purchase their homes and encourage home ownership, it is the policy of the Company to seek further loans of this character, particularly in association with the Federal Government through the new and greatly enlarged National Housing Act. The amount advanced under the National Housing Act in 1944 was more than twice the amount for the previous year.

It was recorded with satisfaction that the position of western farmers, who have been through very difficult times in past years, has greatly improved—as evidenced by the fact that 589 Mortgages and Sale Agreements were paid off entirely by farmers of the three Prairie Provinces in 1944. The Company's investment in Mortgages and Sale Agreements on farms in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba was $7,287,674. This had diminished at the end of 1944 to $3,797,060, a decrease of 48% in five years.

Real Estate holdings, exclusive of Head Office, totalled $1,048,331, the lowest figure since 1930. Loans to policyholders, secured by the cash values of policies in the company, again decreased in 1944, the reduction being $1,550,544.

The Company is continuing in 1945 the same scale of dividends to policyholders as was used in 1944.